

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 472—VOL. XIX.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
15 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Richmond.

The recent military operations on the north side of the James river, and on the south side of the Appomattox, will have satisfied the inquiring and intelligent reader that Richmond and the army of Gen. Lee, the last forlorn hope of Jeff Davis, are in a very critical situation—a situation from which they can be rescued only by a miracle.

From the beginning of this campaign we have, from time to time, endeavored to show that the enclosing triple lines of elaborate fortifications [constructed for the defence of Richmond involved a useless expenditure of engineering skill, labor, time and money—for the simple reason that in cutting off the city from its arteries of subsistence, it must soon become untenable. Upon this idea the operations of Gen. Grant against the city have been conducted; and bearing the important fact in mind, that even rebel soldiers must have something to eat to keep them on their legs, it will need only a glance at the present embarrassments of Gen. Lee to perceive that he must very soon make his election in an effort to break through the tightening lines of "the Yankees," or in an evacuation, which, though not perhaps as speedily, will be as inevitably fatal to the "Confederacy" as the capitulation of his army.

What is the present condition of Richmond in regard to this vital matter of provisions? With flour there at \$500 per barrel even in "Confederate" paper, valued at five cents on the dollar, the supply must be very short. The citizens of Richmond, and the army of Lee, in fact, are dependent for their supplies of subsistence upon their railroads, and the canal communicating with the city from the south and west. The hitherto fruitful districts of Virginia north of Richmond, including the beautiful country east of the Blue ridge, and the great and fertile Shenandoah valley, have been so wasted and eaten out by contending armies during these three years of war, that they have hardly subsistence left sufficient to save their fixed population from famine through the coming winter. Lee's supplies are partly drawn by way of Lynchburg from Southwestern Virginia, but mainly from North and South Carolina and Georgia.

What follows? Cut him off from his Southern lines of com-



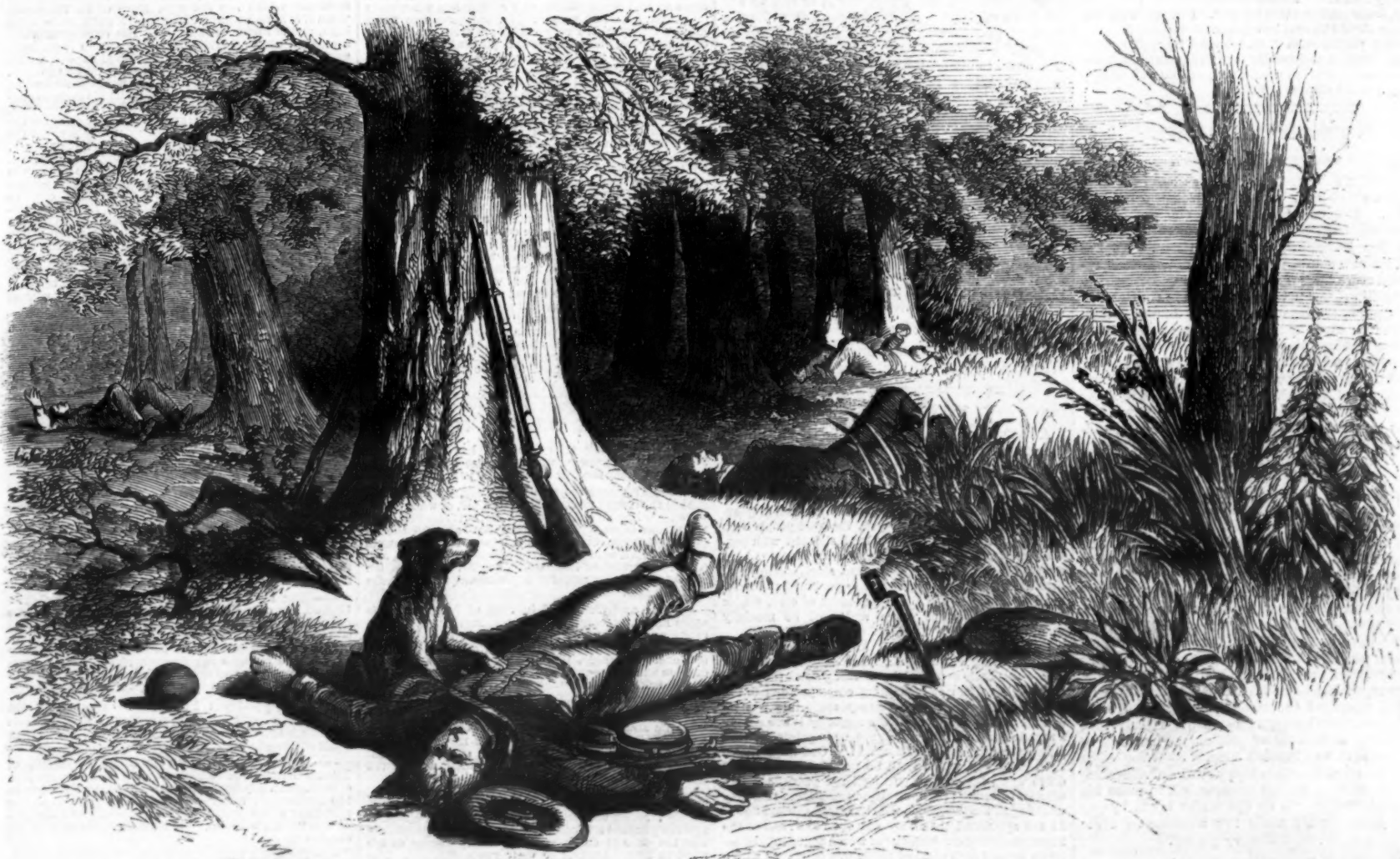
BRIG.-GEN. DAVID A. RUSSELL, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.—SEE PAGE 55.

munication, and, in plain terms, he is starved out of Richmond. To this end a most important step was made by Gen. Grant in striding across the Weldon railroad. On Friday last another point was gained in the lodgment effected upon the Southside road, connecting Petersburg with the Danville road. Another advance to the junction of the Danville with the Richmond and Petersburg roads, some 30 miles west of Poplar Grove, the position secured by Gen. Meade on Friday, the 30th ult., reduces Lee and Richmond for their supplies to the James

river canal from Lynchburg, a line wholly inadequate to meet the necessities of the case. On Friday evening, the last day of September, Gen. Lee was razed to the Danville road and James river canal, with the first in imminent danger from Gen. Meade's advanced lines, and with the other menaced by the victorious army of Sheridan. At the same time, from the new position gained by Gen. Butler's army, on Thursday, the 29th, on the north side of the James river, within seven miles of Richmond, and held on Friday against a heavy attack, Lee is in danger, at any moment, of having his forces at Petersburg cut off from Richmond. This misfortune must be avoided if necessary, even at the cost of sacrificing Petersburg.

We write this article upon the basis of Gen. Grant's operations of Thursday and Friday, the 29th and 30th of September. Before it reaches the hands of our readers still further and greater advantages, we expect, will be gained towards the reduction and occupation, by the "old flag," of the rebel capital. It will suffice, however, for the present, that in operating simultaneously on both extremes of the enemy's lines Gen. Grant has developed the weakness of Lee, has shown that the strength, the prestige and morale of his boasted veteran legions are gone, and that the only doubt regarding this campaign against Richmond is, whether the city will be defended to the extremity of the capitulation or dispersion of Lee's forces, or will be abandoned to save his army.

Brave old Admiral Farragut's magnificent achievements in Mobile Bay, and the crowning success of Gen. Sherman's grand campaign at Atlanta, exercised their moral influence to our advantage in Virginia; but when to these serious rebel misfortunes in Georgia and Alabama were added their late disasters in the Shenandoah valley, the previously still defiant spirit of the veterans of Lee was broken, and their gorgeous castle in the distant clouds of an imperial Southern Confederacy vanished from their sight. But the causes which have carried despair into the heart of the rebellion and a havoc among the gold gamblers of Wall street, have infused a spirit of confidence and enthusiasm among the rank and file of Gen. Grant's armies which renders them irresistible. Our prophecies are becoming the universal conviction—that the end of the rebellion and a new epoch of harmony, prosperity, strength and glory to the Union are at hand.



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.**VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.**

Sheridan's overwhelming success, exceeding even Grant's anticipations, enables the latter to move. Leaves of absence to General officers were countermanded. Lee is evidently about to abandon Petersburg and concentrate. He has made a new course for the Southside railroad, removed store houses and heavy guns.

But Grant was not to move there. On the 29th he began operations north of the James. Gen. Ord's 18th corps carried the strong rebel fortifications and long line of entrenchments below Chapin's farm, with 15 cannon and 300 prisoners.

Gen. Ord was wounded, and Brig.-Gen. Hiram Burnham, of Maine, killed, as they entered the fort; Kautz pursued the flying rebels to Richmond.

At the same time Gen. Birney (19th corps) advanced from Deep Bottom and carried New Market road entrenchments, scattering the enemy in every direction, his colored troops, Paine's division, 19th army corps, carrying the well defended heights amid an appalling fire. Birney then pushed on, carrying a second line, but at the junction of the New Market and Varina roads found formidable works. Birney prepared for a general assault, which was manfully made, but failed to carry them, though the men got so far that they had to wait till night to get back.

On the 30th, at 3 P. M., Grant having drawn Lee's attention to Richmond by the recent successful advance in that direction, pushed Warren forward, and that General, whose very name is success, with his own 5th and part of the 9th army corps, advanced towards Poplar Spring church, and carried the enemy's line on the extreme left, capturing a number of prisoners, but failed to storm the line at Peeble's farm.

At the same time Lee had, as we have remarked, left these lines almost unprotected, to mass his troops for an assault on the works taken by Ord and Birney. He made two assaults on three columns at 3 P. M., but was repulsed.

The panic in Richmond is terrible.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Sheridan's motto is onward! After the victory at Fisher's hill he pushed on in pursuit, sending

Torbert with his cavalry up the Luray valley. Had Torbert been able to reach the point aimed at he would have captured Early and all his host, but the rebel General saw his danger and sent Wickham to protect the point. Torbert defeated Wickham with loss, but the delay was all that Early needed to escape.

Sheridan pushed on, after being joined by Torbert near New Market, and on the 26th occupied Staunton and Waynesboro.

On the 29th he was pressing the remnant of Early's army at Brown's gap in the Blue Ridge, where the rebel General held a strong position, but Sheridan assures Gen. Grant that he is amply competent to carry out all his plans.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Little is doing at Charleston, but the blockade is so inefficient that two vessels a week at least run in and out.

GEORGIA.

The rebels are now using every effort to isolate Atlanta by attacking the line of railroad from Chattanooga.

Gov. Brown has recalled the Georgia militia from Hood's army. That defeated General is now entrenched on the West Point railroad.

Gen. Sherman has finally exchanged 3,000 of his own army, on his own terms, with Hood. The rebels have a very chivalrous way of sending us dying men, soldiers whose term of service has long expired or whom otherwise we cannot use, and receiving from us able-bodied men. Sherman required that for Hood's men he should get men of his own army fit for duty and whose term of service had not expired. There was of course a howl at Sherman's barbarity, but we are glad to see that he has carried his point.

ALABAMA—TENNESSEE.

Hood, at the last accounts, was marching into Alabama to join in the effort to dislodge us from that State.

Cols. Campbell and Jamison, with the 6th and 8th Indiana cavalry at Athens, were attacked by Forrest at the head of 8,000 men and 10 pieces of artillery, and after a fight of two hours forced to surrender on the 24th. Forrest murdered all negro soldiers.

The rebels also destroyed several miles of the Tennessee and Alabama railroad between Decatur and Athens.

On the 25th Forrest destroyed the Sulphur Spring trestle, and Col. Pace evacuated Elk Horn bridge immediately after.

Rousseau, standing firm in Forrest's front, at Pulaski, in force, compelled Forrest to retire with the loss of over 200 men.

Two trains were captured on the Chattanooga railroad at Big Shanty.

Forrest had reached Fayetteville with his whole force on his way to the Chattanooga railroad.

The rebels had destroyed all the bridges between Athens and Pulaski, a distance of 30 miles. Beauregard is to command in Tennessee.

MISSOURI.

On the 24th Sept. Shelby occupied Fredericktown, 20 miles east of Pilot Knob, with 4,000 cavalry.

Price is also said to have entered Missouri with 30,000 men.

Gen. Rosecrans has called out the militia, and will do all that can be done with his means to drive Price out of the State, but it is said to see the hero of Iuka and Stone river left without a regularly constituted army to hold a State so deeply tinctured with rebel feeling, and where the men seem to take oaths of allegiance as freely and with as hearty a chuckle as they do a glass of whiskey.

On the 27th Mineral Point was attacked by the rebels, who were repulsed. They, however, captured Potosi on that day.

Ewing was ordered to evacuate Pilot Knob, but found his communications cut.

The rebels, under Price, are pillaging and destroying everything. Franklin and Irons are seriously menaced.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Banks relinquished command of the department, Sept. 23, and came to New York. Maj.-Gen. Hurlbut succeeds him.

NAVAL.

The ex-rebel steamers Gaines and Selma have been silencing the rebel batteries near Mobile.

TOWN GOSSIP.

A FALL in gold! For the week this has been the all absorbing talk, the millenium of the hour. Gold, like some drunken thing, after staggering and reeling, came down with an awful crash, and brought with it loving friends, who had walked complacently on either side to support its tottering steps. With each staggering step made by the yellow god, the good people over the length and breadth of the land shouted with joy. What matter to them that speculators and brokers were financially crushed, that men went stark, staring mad over their ruin, there was to be cheaper bread and more butcher's meat for the limited amount of cash, winter clothing would come down and coal be mortally wounded.

The hope was realised, and, for the moment, shopkeepers, giving way to panic, made desperate attempts to force off their overstock by marking down the prices and offering them at something corresponding to the value of our currency. In many cases this was no doubt honestly done, but in the majority it was simply a ruse to induce extra purchases, or to galvanize trade under the moment of excitement. One large house upon Broadway, which shall be nameless, closed their doors upon the public, putting large placards in the window informing eager would-be purchasers that they would open that afternoon with the stock market down. At the appointed time they did open to a rush of the fairer portion of creation, one of whom confidentially informs us that each piece of goods was furnished with a new label, on which a price, which was to be supposed as the old one, had been marked off and a new one, about 40 per cent. lower, had been written below. She says that the whole affair smelled rather suspicious,

from the simple fact that within a week previous she had bought the identical marked down goods at a trifle less over that same counter. And of such material is a shopkeeper made.

To those dwelling in the country it is scarcely understandable the general joy that pervaded all classes on the announcement that gold had fallen over 20 per cent. in a single day. It was the universal topic in cars, stages and the streets. From the stage of one of our theatres it was announced to the audience and received with three hearty and enthusiastic cheers, and made the subject of many small impromptu speeches on street corners, hotels and public-houses.

In Wall street a fall such as we have noted is equal at once to a panic, and on the day when it comes off knots of men, from 5 to 50, can be seen everywhere eagerly talking and comparing notes. One lucky individual speculator happened, either by good fortune or by far-sightedness, to sell about \$1,000,000, deliverable on a certain day of this week, at 220. He filled his contract when the article was at 185, clearing the handsome difference of 34 per cent., which, upon \$1,000,000, is not a bad thing to take.

When will this patient, enduring donkey, New York City, throw its political riders and set to work kicking out the manifold nuisances and annoyances under which it continually suffers? We cannot help thinking this as we look on at the petty squabble now taking place between the Mayor and the Street Inspector in reference to the bone boiling and fat smelting nuisances of the city. These places are admitted on all hands to be in the highest degree detrimental to health and to life, and that it is imperatively necessary they should be driven from the city, and yet in the face of this they are suffered to remain day after day and month after month, simply in consequence of the small quarrels of two officials, for neither of whom the public cares a rap. The City Inspector accuses the Mayor of wilfulness in not calling a meeting of the Board of Health, who alone have the power to abate nuisances, and the Mayor retorts by saying that he will not do so because the call would add to the emoluments of the City Inspector's office, and so the matter now stands, while the offence is rank and smells over the entire face of the city. Let these officials wait in their fancied strength until the hour of awaking comes, and our word for it the people will, of their own accord and in their own way, remove these nuisances, even though they have first to remove both Mayor and Street Inspector.

It seems strange that in the midst of all our excitements and tribulation, that at no time previous have places of public amusement been more patronised than the present. With several dozen of theatres and entertainments in full blast nightly, not one can complain of want of patronage, and it seems only necessary that a manager should throw open his doors and the public rush pell-mell to crowd his house.

The week, without offering anything of especial novelty, has nevertheless been one of great prosperity. The event has been the production at the Olympic of what the manager is pleased to term a literal dramatic version of Charles Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," a literal version which we fail to see, though at the same time admitting the merit of the play. It is an adaptation by Mr. Fiske, the dramatic editor of the New York Herald, and may be more strictly called a series of tableaux than a play. It is put upon the stage in most excellent style as everything at the Olympic, and the make up of the characters is in the highest degree commendable.

Mrs. Wood makes up for Bailey capriciously, and the inexpressibles become her much. Mr. Davidge as old Martin Chuzzlewit adds another leaf to his laurel of old men characters, and earns the reputation of being the best actor in that line upon the American stage. Mr. Mortimer as Montague Tigg is admirable, and several of the company who have little to say and do say and do it with a reality that deserves high commendation. The piece is of that kind capable of achieving a success, and will, without doubt, have a run for several weeks.

Wallack's seems to go on in its old-fashioned sleepy way, and its audiences, as though possessed of a season ticket and bound to go to the word of it, crowd the house nightly, no matter what trash is offered for their entertainment or how badly it is acted. The present season at this house has been behind the age, and at present shows little chance of getting up with it. The day has gone by when the public can be put off with poor plays, badly acted, on the reputation of the house, and sooner or later the deliberately formed opinion of the people will tell to the downfall of those who trust too implicitly to the stupidity of their auditors.

Mr. Forrest is still at Niblo's, filling the house nightly to overflowing, and convincing his critics that if he has declined—as many of them assert—in his power as an actor, he has not declined in his power of drawing houses.

Mr. Oscanyan announces the resumption of his lectures on and illustrations of Turkish life, immensely improved from last season. Mr. Oscanyan has fitted himself out with full representatives from every grade of Turkish life, and will give us opportunities of beholding the Turk as he is at home, the Circassian beauty, the belle, the bride, the mother, the babe and the slave. These entertainments will be the feature of the season, and will do more to let us into inside life in Turkey than all the books that ever were written.

Heller announces a new sensation, but declines letting a curious public know what it is, simply informing them in a mysterious way that it is something that will throw all his former diablerie into the shade, and demonstrate clearly that he must have direct dealing with somebody with an unmentionable name.

This week inaugurates the Italian Opera, and we predict for it the most brilliant season ever known in New York. There has been no puffing of the artists in advance, and they are left to the cool dispassionate judgment of the public. What that judgment will be we are not yet prepared to say. We will take another week to think upon it, and in the meantime we can only commend the manager, who has well arranged everything connected with the house, and created a financial success for his season before it is begun.

Artemus Ward announces himself almost ready with his "wax figures," and figures of speech, to show up Brigham Young and all his family. In the second week of this month, Artemus opens at Dodworth Hall, when Salt Lake City will be turned inside out for public inspection.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Secretary Stanton has ordered that the wages of the sewing women in the employment of the Government shall be increased 20 per cent.

The number of persons who arrived in Quebec during the month of June last was 6,456, of whom 1,065 were from England, 928 from Ireland, 501 from Scotland, 1,904 from Germany, 2,322 from Norway, and the remaining 435 from Sweden and Belgium; 237 immigrants were provided with passages by charitable societies, and 6,218 immigrated at their own expense. 1,052 British and 3,126 foreign immigrants proceeded thence to the United States.

The anthracite coal tonnage of Pennsylvania is again heavy, reaching 267,000 tons, increasing the coal tonnage of the year to 5,547,169 tons, against 6,773,768 tons to corresponding time last year, being an increase of 673,601 tons. The trade, though active in the way of production and shipment to market, is a little dull in the way of sales, and prices are weak.

On Tuesday, Sept. 27, a large ratification meeting of the supporters of Mr. Lincoln was held at the Cooper Institute and around the building. W. C. Hayes was called to the chair. Speeches were made by Montgomery Blair, Deane, McKean and other prominent Republican politicians. The whole affair was wound up outside with fireworks and cheers.

The fluctuations in gold have been remarkable. The near approach of the downfall of the rebellion, chiefly through the victories of Sherman and Sheridan and the prudent attitude of Grant, convince speculators that the time is coming when the necessities of life must be brought nearer to their peace standard. The best way to accelerate such a result is to economise. It is computed there are over 150 large dry-goods firms about to close up their business. This will throw an enormous quantity of goods into the market, and bring down their prices.

In Portland, Maine, volunteering is quite brisk. The city gives, including State bounties, \$1,000 for three years' men; \$700 for two; and \$400 for one year men.

The immigration at New York, during the month of August last reached the extraordinary figure of 28,417 souls, being an increase of 6,920 over the corresponding month last year. The Germans exceed the Irish, there being nearly 9,000 of the former and nearly 8,000 of the latter.

The total subscriptions to the 7-30's, to Sept. 17, is over \$35,000,000; and the total subscription to the 10-40 loan \$114,000,000.

Southern.—We have been loth to believe all the charges of inhumanity made against the rebels, but when we read in their journals such fiendish sentiments as are expressed in the following paragraph from the Meridian (Ga.) Daily Clarion, of Aug. 25, we can no longer refuse to believe them capable of any barbarity: "During one of the intensely hot days of last week more than 300 sick and wounded Yankees died at Andersonville. We thank heaven for such blessings."

The rebel papers all express the utmost faith that Beauregard will check the victorious course of Gen. Sherman in Georgia.

Military.—The Washington Republican says: "On Thursday, Sept. 15, a portion of the 13th New York cavalry started from their quarters, at Falls Church, on a scout, with three days' rations. After scouting for six days, living on the enemy's country, they heard of Mosby's whereabouts. The commanding officer of the 13th caused a number of his men to disguise themselves as guerrillas. This party came up with Mosby, who was entirely taken in by the ruse, near Centerville. They advanced leisurely towards him, and when within firing distance commenced discharging their revolvers. Mosby and his party returned the fire. As Mosby was in the act of raising his pistol to fire, Smith, a private of the 13th, took deliberate aim and struck the pistol on Mosby's left side, the ball gliding off and entering his groin. At the same instant he dropped his arms, wheeled his horse and galloped away. He was able to ride about a mile, but, becoming weakened by loss of blood, he concealed himself and party in one of his numerous lurking places until out of danger, and then was placed in an ambulance and sent to Richmond."

Gen. Beauregard has accepted the command of the rebel army of Tennessee.

Maj.-Gen. Banks and staff arrived in New York on the 30th of Sept.

Capt. Charles S. Bulkeley, who has been for the past two years in the Department of the Gulf, superintending the construction of the military telegraph, will leave to-day for the West, to enter upon his duties as superintendent of the great overland telegraph around the world. The part of the line that he is to construct extends from Columbia river, in Oregon, to the mouth of the Amoor, in Asia, embracing the line across Behring Straits, a distance of more than 6,000 miles.

Gen. Grover, of Maine, in a letter to a friend, says: "In the recent battle at Jonesboro every Colonel in my division was killed or wounded." Gen. Grover commands a division in Sheridan's army.

Naval.—The London correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows: "Admiral Farragut's performance in going himself into the mainport and fighting right by the forts, giving them broadside after broadside, excites intense admiration. An English army officer remarked to me that it called up the days of the heroes and demigods of ancient Greece. 'No such national exploit,' said he, 'has been seen in our day. Nelson was shot by a man in the roundtop of the enemy's ship, while Farragut put himself in the roundtop to be shot at. So long as you have such stuff among you, we shall never be ashamed.'"

Personal.—Mr. Fiske is the dramatist of "Martin Chuzzlewit," now performing at the Olympic.

Ex-Postmaster Blair, despite his summary ejection from the Cabinet, is making stump speeches for Mr. Lincoln.

Vallandigham, while condemning McClellan's repudiating the Chicago platform, announced in a speech made at Sidney, Ohio, that he should support him.

The Griffin Rebel (Ga.) gives the following graphic account of Gen. Early: "Old Jubal Early, or as Gen. Lee calls him, his 'bad old man,' has won a name during his sojourn in the valley of Virginia of which he is well worthy. Did you ever see him? If not, you have missed one of the greatest curiosities of the war. He is a man of considerable corpulence, with a full face which has the appearance of the full moon when it is at its height in redness. He is about six feet high, and of immense structure. His voice sounds like a cracked Chinese fiddle, and comes from his mouth somewhat in the style of the Hardshell Baptist, with a long drawl, accompanied with an interpolation of oaths. In winter his head is encased in a net striped woollen skull cap drawn about his ears, while his body is contained within the embraces of a Virginia cloth overcoat, striking his heels. His legs are covered by leggings of the same material, wrapped from the feet upwards as high as the knees with white tape. He is brave as he is homesy, and as homesy as any man you ever saw, except Parson Brownlow, who is said to rival him in the same personal appearance. There are many incidents in the life of Old Jubal, but I cannot at present call to memory but one. During the battles in the Wilderness on one occasion a regiment from South Carolina was ordered to charge the enemy. For some reason they faltered. Old Jubal, hearing of it, rode up to the head of the column, and in that peculiarity of tone for which he was noted, cried out: 'Blast you, you got us into this d—d scrape, and by G— you shall help us out.' The regiment was so cut by the remark that they rushed upon the foe, driving him from every position."

The Sandusky Register says: "John Brown, a son of the great Ossawatimie Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, lives on Put-in-bay island, where he is engaged in the grape culture. Being among the first of the patriots of the island to discover the rebel conspiracy to release the rebel prisoners on Johnson's island, he at once manned a boat, armed the crew to the teeth, and set sail by a roundabout way for Ottawa City—in order to avoid falling in with the pirates—to give information to the commander of the post of Johnson's island of the seizure of the Philo Parsons. He arrived at Ottawa City about dark, and from there footed along the shore to Fox's Dock, arriving about daylight the next morning."

Dan Rice, the circus man, is candidate for State Senator in one of the districts of Pennsylvania. His wife, who is separated from him, is now Mrs. Dan Rice and manages the animals. The News says if Dan can manage the brutes in Congress as well as he did those in his caravan, he will be the right man in the right place.

The heir to Victor Emmanuel's crown, Prince Umberto, is only 20, but looks older. He is very like his father. His face is bronzed by exposure to wind and weather, and his whole appearance savors far more of the "warrior grim" than of the "carpet knight so trim." His features are irregular, but there is something frank, open and manly in his countenance that is likely to make him popular among a military people.

Obituary.—From Florence is announced the death of Baron d'Hautecourt, a graceful writer, who has published several excellent novels. He was drowned while bathing in the Arno.

James Seymour, the facetious comedian, of Niblo's Garden, died suddenly in this city on the 20th of Sept. Mr. Seymour was much beloved by those in the profession, many of whom were present at the obsequies of the deceased. He had performed his part in the "Duke's Motto," the Saturday previous to his demise.

Frederick Buckley, one of the Buckley Minstrels, died in Boston on the 21st Sept., aged 32. He was a very fine musician. His wife was formerly Fanny Brown, the actress, but he was separated from her some time ago, and she recently sailed for California on a professional tour.

— Cardinal Savelli, the Corsican, died in Rome on the 30th of August. He was formerly Governor of Rome. He was promoted to the purple in 1853 by the present Pope.

— The Princess of Polignac died in Paris on the 13th Sept. She was the wife of the celebrated Prime Minister of Charles X. She was an Englishwoman by birth.

— The Duke of Cleveland died at Raby Castle, Sept. 11th, aged 71. He only succeeded to the title in January last. He is better known in this country as Lord William Powlett, the great sportsman.

— On the 20th Sept., at his residence in this city, died Joseph Lyon, after a long and painful illness of nearly three years, borne with exemplary patience. He was a native of New Jersey, but had resided in New York for the last 30 years, where his numerous virtues had made him many friends. He was a man of blameless life, and dies deeply lamented by a large circle of friends. He leaves a family to mourn his loss; one of them a daughter, now in the South.

— Count Moritz Dietrichstein has lately died in his 90th year. He was a native of Vienna, and has been head of the Austrian imperial theatres and opera houses. In his younger days he was a music pupil of the Abbé Vogler, the master of Meyerbeer and Von Weber.

Accidents and Offences.—A lad named Benjamin Collins, aged 13 years, employed in a law office at No. 312 Broadway, was shot on those premises on the 27th Sept. with a pistol in the hands of another lad named Clinton Harring. The ball entered his forehead just over the right eye, inflicting a wound so serious that he died soon after at the New York Hospital. Deceased resided with his parents in Grand street, Williamsburg. Harring was arrested by officer Seaman, of the Broadway squad, and locked up in the Tombs to await the inquest. Harring is about 13 years of age. When asked how the affair happened, he stated that he did not know that the pistol was loaded when he pointed it towards deceased.

— On Saturday, the 10th Sept., says the Indiana (Penn.) American, an engine on the Pennsylvania railroad, which had been supplied with fuel and water, preparatory to taking a train West, got loose from the hostler, and ran up the south track like a streak, snorting and panting as if giving challenge for a race. Engineer Black, with the engine of the fast line, was dispatched at once on the north track in pursuit of the runaway at Ashenville, and, running alongside, the engineer stepped over and reined in the flying steed. The precaution was taken to telegraph to White Hill, and have the switch turned, so as to throw her off the track in case she reached that point.

— An outrageous attempt at robbery occurred at the house of Mr. Henry Strauss, in Woodcock township, Crawford county, on Saturday evening, Sept. 24. About 8 o'clock a knock was heard at the door, which was answered by Mrs. S., who, upon opening it, was seized by two men, who attempted to gag her. Her screams brought her husband to the door, who was knocked down and severely if not fatally injured. A demand was then made for money, and a search was being undertaken, when the passing of a wagon caused the robbers to beat a hasty retreat. Mr. Strauss is about 80 years of age, being one of the oldest and most worthy citizens in that community.

— The most daring and perhaps the largest robbery that ever occurred in Illinois was committed at Sterling, Whiteside county, Illinois, August 27. The office of W. A. Sanborn, banker, was entered on Saturday night, and \$40,000 taken from his safe, about \$3,000 of which was in gold and silver, \$17,000 in legal-tender currency, and the balance in United States bonds. The amount on deposit at the time was comparatively small, being about one-fourth of the amount taken, the balance being Mr. Sanborn's private funds, including many valuable papers.

— A boy, 15 years old, David Greckly, has been arrested at Lancaster, Penn., for changing a switch on a railroad track. The young rascal confessed the act, and said he did it "for devilry."

— The Grand Jury of Orange county, in session last week at Newburg, found bills of indictment against Dr. Boyd, the examining surgeon in the Provost Marshal's headquarters, for the branding of Frederick Buzing and Thomas Andres, recruits for the army. The sufferers also propose to prosecute the surgeon in a civil suit for the recovery of damages.

— In a political fight between Republican and Democratic rowdies, in which firearms were freely used by both parties, at Cincinnati, on Saturday evening, Sept. 24, a woman was shot and instantly killed.

— Ten buildings, with their contents—dry goods, drugs, flour and feed, boots, shoes, hats, caps, &c.—were destroyed by fire at Woodstock, Canada, on the 26th Sept. Loss \$100,000.

— There was a frightful accident on the railroad between Atchison and Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 20th ult. The axle of one of the forward cars gave way, and two of the passenger cars were thrown from the track. Twenty-five persons were injured, five of the number seriously.

Art, Science and Literature.—*Mariel's Central Park.*—This extraordinary picture promises to be one of the greatest efforts of modern chromo-lithographic art. It is perhaps one of the largest, as it is the most accurate in design and coloring, ever issued in this country. As a representation of New York's grandest achievement—the Central Park, it will doubtless have an unprecedented sale. The picture will be on exhibition at the Messrs. Appleton's, in Broadway, on and after October 15th, at which time the subscription books will be opened. As this immense picture can only be obtained by subscription, those desiring the earlier proof impressions, should not delay, either in leaving their names at the Messrs. Appleton's, or at the office of the Central Park Publishing Company, 720 Broadway.

— Theodore Hagen, 5 Mercer street, has published a collection of the most beautiful and select Operatic National and Popular Airs, brilliantly transcribed and arranged without omissions. This is a most charming Parlor Companion for the young, inasmuch by simplifying beautiful airs it attaches them to the instrument.

Foreign.—The soft sex in Spain has taken to bull-fighting, three ladies of Murcia having entered their names as professional bull fighters for the town. The "beauty and the beast" here must perhaps combine.

— Rear-Admiral Visovaki and the officers of the Russian fleet, who visited America last year, made a formal visit to the American Minister in St. Petersburg, to express their official acknowledgments for the distinguished kindness they received in this country.

— M. de Persigny lately made a speech at the Conseils Généraux of France, in which he told his astonished hearers that Napoleon III. was the founder of liberty in France, that the political institutions of England were not adapted for France, as authority and liberty could not there be entrusted to a class, and that before the liberty of the press could be a benefit, "a new, vigorous and independent generation must arise to replace minds enervated by revolutions."

— A letter from Vienna announces the betrothal of the Princess Sophia, the only unmarried daughter of the King of Saxony, to the Duke Charles Theodore, the brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

— Narvaez, the new premier of Spain, promises to pursue a conciliatory policy at home and abroad.

Chit-Chat.—The *Dublin University Magazine* has an article teaching ladies how to make their own diamonds.

— Opium taking is becoming very common with the ladies of England. One man recently stated that his wife has consumed 100lb of it since their marriage, ten years before.

— Prince Alfred has been proposed as the King of the Canadas. The Irish would like to have him as perpetual Viceroy.

— A classical and patriotic correspondent sends us

the following: "Let the rebels sing their 'Jubal Early,' we will sing Jubilate." On the same topic a contemporary says that "this is the year of Jubal E."

— The whole of the Queen of England's journey from Windsor to Balmoral (590 miles) was finished within one minute from the appointed time, namely, in 19 hours and 46 minutes.

— A corn-cutter in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has corn; the fairest, boldest, best Romeo, doubtless had corn; Juliet had, probly; and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not blush to expose your feet to the operator," etc., etc.

— The *Official Diario*, of Rome, recommends those who are afflicted with gout to pray to St. Taphimus, a lawyer, now in heaven. It must be some comfort to lawyers to hear that they go to such a place.

— A sale at the incredible rate of £300,000 per acre, or £500 per foot frontage, took place in London, lately, when two large houses in Old Broad street were disposed of.

— There is a fine art exhibition at Antwerp at the present moment. The number of pictures is 1,100, and among them works of living artists of all nations, except England.

— In all the number of the London *Times*, a novel announcement of a lady's death appears, terminating thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement of her removal."

— It is said that the Municipality of Paris proposes to build, in the neighborhood of the Hotel des Invalides, 15 large mansions, destined to be presented to French marshals and admirals.

— The new coinage of Mexico represents the "imperial power" sitting on the prickly pear of Mexico. If the imperial power should be the Emperor, and not the eagle, as we presume, the seat cannot be a pleasant one for his majesty.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
"Thanks be to heaven," in happy mood I said,
"What sweeter aid my matins could bestow
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy feelings hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierce through the midnight glooms;
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"You seem very happy, Annie, always happy. I never saw yet any one who seemed more happy than you, and—"

"Oh! oh! Emily," replied Mrs. Dapton, laughing, "in those words you have but twice used the verb to seem, and you look so inquisitive. Do you wish to be a little more enlightened about married life, before committing yourself for ever? Happily, Harry is not here to see the sadness which I discover in the eyes of his betrothed; he might fancy that your heart is full of fear instead of joy at the eve of your nuptials."

"Don't laugh at me, Annie, but speak to me as you used to do formerly; I love Harry, you know it; and, however, I have serious misgivings, I see so few married people really happy, happy as I wish to be. You seem to approach nearer than any one else the goal of my desires. Now, have you never any little—quarrels?"

"No, no more now. We had one, and I believe that it must happen sooner or later."

"Tell me of it, Annie, will you?"

"Yes, if you wish it; maybe it will be useful to you."

I was a very romantic young girl, as you know it, Emily; I had some friends whom I loved dearly, but that love did not satisfy me; my heart was yearning for something more, I hardly knew what till the day I loved my husband. During the first months of our marriage I often asked myself: "Do I find in this life all that I hoped to find in it? Am I as happy as I expected to be?" and my heart always replied: "Yes, and even more happy."

The romance of marriage, if I may express myself so, lasted a long time for us; as for me, I felt a most intense satisfaction when we were alone. I liked to walk alone with him; the most happy hours of the day were those we spent alone, reading and chatting. When slightly put out, I made an effort to be sociable and pleasant in the company of my husband. I feared above all to remain stupidly silent when with him, or to have nothing to speak of but the children and the butcher's bill. I tried to recollect all the pretty things I had read, heard or thought, to repeat them to him, and when all those subjects were exhausted, we both had one hobby to ride; and so, when we were silent, it was never because we had nothing to say to one another. We lived so for about two years. I was very happy. I believe that people who saw us then must have wondered often to see us so long pleased with one another.

Till then I had no trial to go through. We used to board, and I had nothing to take care of. My husband's love was a sovereign panacea for all the little evils, which fall upon us, even in the midst of our greatest happiness. But it could not last for ever. His business took more of his time, and at last I had a home of my own, and a child to look after. It was then that, for the first time, our mutual patience was tried. Till then we had devoted ourselves to one another; henceforth the cares of life often took the whole of our energies. I was the first to perceive the change. It seemed to me that a dark cloud was hovering over us. Sometimes I gave myself up to sadness, thinking that my husband did not love me so well as before. Now, that I look into the past, I am convinced that it was my first error. These hours of sadness diminished my courage, and it was an injustice of what I ought not to have been guilty towards my husband. However, my mind remained from them a kind of dolorous impression, and I felt as if I had been the victim of a serious injury.

For some time my heart had been bleeding

from that wound. I kept all my little grievances to myself, I was too much ashamed, and at the same time too proud, to speak of them. That was my second error.

There can be no happiness in marriage without the greatest mutual confidence. The weather became cold and damp. One morning I got up in a most irritable mood. I had caught a cold, had a dreadful headache, and my child had disturbed me the whole of the night. My cook was a raw, ignorant country woman, and that morning, she served us one of her worst breakfasts. The steak was burned, the eggs as hard as a cannon-ball, the bread half baked, and the coffee, our greatest relish, execrable.

My husband endured everything till the coffee came, but that coffee put an end to his patience. He upset his cup, and said, half angrily:

"I wish, Annie, that we could have once some good coffee. Why is it never here as at my mother's?"

This was for me the drop in the already filled cup, and my ill-humor overflowed.

"You never find anything nice here," said I; and I shuddered at the sound of my own voice. "You would do better to stay at your mother's if you are not satisfied here, or else give me servants who know their business. I cannot do all—take care of the child the whole night, and then cook the breakfast."

"I did not know I was so unreasonable," replied he, in an offended manner.

He remained a few minutes longer without touching his breakfast, took his hat and went out.

When I heard him shut the door after him all my firmness gave way. I shut myself up in my room, sat on a chair, and began to cry like a very child.

It was the first time I had answered him so. It seemed to me that something frightful was going to happen. I felt so miserable and became so excited, that I actually went round my room wringing my hands.

All is finished between us, thought I; we shall have no more happiness in this world. A heavy shroud covered me from head to foot—the future was all darkness and desolation. In my misery I attempted to console myself by throwing the whole blame on my husband. "Why should she speak so to me?" cried I. Could he not see that I was suffering and unable to endure anything? It was pure wickedness in him. It is evident that he cares no more for me—and then always throwing at my head that his mother keeps such a good table, when he knows that I do my best to please him. Oh! it was pure wickedness!

Do not look so serious, Emily. Just at that moment my child began to cry, and I was obliged to run to him before being able to go through the whole of my doleful litanies, but I had gone far enough to fall once more in the wrong path. I began to grow calm at the thought that my husband alone was to be blamed. I was very sorry to have answered him so harshly, but I thought that he too ought to be sorry.

Before my child had ceased crying I had taken the resolution to show no repentance—before he, too, should show any. I washed off the traces of my tears, dressed with the most particular care, and went down to old Bridget to recommend to her to pay great attention to the dinner. When doing so I really considered myself to be a victim. I wanted to make my husband repent of his injustice, by giving him (as a kind of reproach) as good a dinner as at his mother's; and in order to increase his remorse, I made, with my own hands, a cup of excellent coffee.

One o'clock at last. The door opened, and I heard my husband's step in the hall. He was whistling! He sat down with the greatest calm, without showing the least vestige of the morning's tempest. He threw around him a glance of satisfaction. "What a nice-looking dinner, Annie," said he. "I am happy that you find it so," replied I, with the air of a martyr. "This roast is delicious, the best I have tasted this year." In short, he was so pleased with that dinner (which I intended as a reproach to him) that he did not even perceive my ill-temper. I was at once angry and pleased—but I was silent, and hardly opened my lips to answer him. After the dessert I gave him his coffee. He was quite surprised.

"Annie," smiled he, "you must have made that coffee, my little fairy, to show me what you can do."

He had guessed it, but without suspecting the intention. My first impulse was to ask him openly: "Is it as good as your mother's?" That would have given him the key of the whole story; he would have understood all, and we would have made peace at once. But I was ashamed. I sipped my coffee in silence; the golden opportunity slipped away, and my good angel took flight. Pride reigned master. I began even to be annoyed to see him enjoy my dinner and forget so easily how much pain he had given me. Having a good deal of business to transact, he did not remain as long as usual; but when he went out he was whistling more gaily even than before dinner. I went back to my child, thinking all the time of what I ought to do.

The child was asleep, the rain was pattering against the window, the wind was blowing furiously, and the world seemed to me as black and dreary as the tomb. I had exerted myself for that dinner, and now that the excitement was over, and that I felt the reaction, I asked myself what advantage I had reaped from it? Not the slightest. My husband had not seen that we ought to have made peace. I reproached him with heartlessness.

"Formerly," thought I, "he would have noticed the least alteration in my voice, the thinnest cloud on my good-humor; now I can be really angry with him, without his being aware of it."

The afternoon seemed to me to have no end. I was excited and feverish. I tried everything in succession; I could sit down, to nothing. I went down to tea a great deal farther from the right path than I was at dinnertime. I sat down silent

and peevish. My husband tried several times to begin a conversation, but in vain.

"Annie," said he at last, with great kindness, "are you not well to-day?"

"Not quite," replied I, with a sigh.

"What ails you?"

"My head aches; the child kept me awake nearly the whole of the night."

It was the truth, but only part of the truth. I felt guilty to stop there. He advised me to lie down on the sofa, and offered to read for me. I felt how kind it was of him—it was the good old time. Although the new time had lasted but one day, it seemed to me eternity. But I wanted something else. I wished for a clear explanation, and I would not allow him to jump over it; I resolved to sulk till he should come to that explanation, till he should see and feel that after such a misunderstanding I could not recover my former happiness without reciprocal repentance and forgiveness. So I declined the sofa and the reading, saying it was necessary I should go to bed. I left him alone with his lamp, his book and a good fire, just as when he was still unmarried. I went upstairs, laid down and cried myself to sleep. You laugh, Emily; you think that I was mad. You are right. Now I believe so myself.

"And how did it all finish?"

I sulked one week, becoming every day more silent and more peevish. When alone I used to take my child and cry over him, as if my husband were dead, as if I had but that child in this world. How unhappy I was! And every day added something to my burden; every time I saw my husband I found something new to blame him for. Now he was too kind, then he was not kind enough; one time he talked too much, another time not enough. He bore my ill-temper more patiently, believing that I was ill. One day he came home to tell me that he had eight days' leave of absence, had hired a carriage, and that I was to pack up quickly, for we should be away in an hour. We were going to my mother for a week.

"It is better to pay travelling expenses than doctor's bills, my love," said he. "I will not have you to pine away as you do for the last few days. We shall send old Bridget away, shut the house, leave care behind and enjoy ourselves."

He spoke with such kindness, that I felt inclined to throw myself on his neck and to cry all my tears, when remembering my odious conduct, but the moment had not come yet.

I packed up as quickly as I could. Before having half done, I took the resolution to tell him all, from beginning to end from that instant; an immense weight was taken from me; my heart was as light as a feather. My face, the sound of my voice, all was altered. I knew it, and he saw it so soon as I met him again.

"Well, Annie," said he, "I really believe that the mere idea of travelling has cured you; we may as well stay at home."

Such is my story, Emily; the remainder would not be interesting to you.

"No, no, Annie, do not deprive me of the best part of it. Tell me how you made peace."

We got in the carriage, and went on gaily till dark. The child fell asleep then. The evening was splendid. Nature was wrapped in silence and quietness, and I envied that quietness. Tears of repentance started from my eyes, and they fell on the child before I knew it. My husband perceived them.

"What! Annie," said he, with the greatest surprise; "are you unhappy?"

"I am so sorry," sobbed I.

"Sorry! and for what, my darling; are you not happy? Is there anything on your mind?"

"I am so sorry to have been so wicked the whole week."

"What do you mean?" said he, more and more astonished.

"How should you not know?" and I began by the beginning, and told him all my story; how I had forgotten myself, and answered him harshly when he had told me that his coffee had not as good a taste at home as at his mother's; how that had annoyed me; how he had forgotten it, and had not fallen on his knees, asking for forgiveness; how I had thought of it for eight days; how that thought had poisoned my heart and spoiled all my enjoyments; how many tears I had shed when alone, thinking that all was over between us, and that we should never love one another as we did love before. He listened to me without saying a word, and then broke in a most joyous laugh:

"I want to know, Annie," said he, "if that is the only complaint you have been suffering from the whole week. Certainly—"

He stopped the horse, to make him turn back.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Go back home, if that be all your complaint." I laughed as heartily as himself, for now, that my sin was confessed, I felt very happy. But I pulled at the reins, touched the horse with the whip, and he started briskly in the direction of my mother's home.

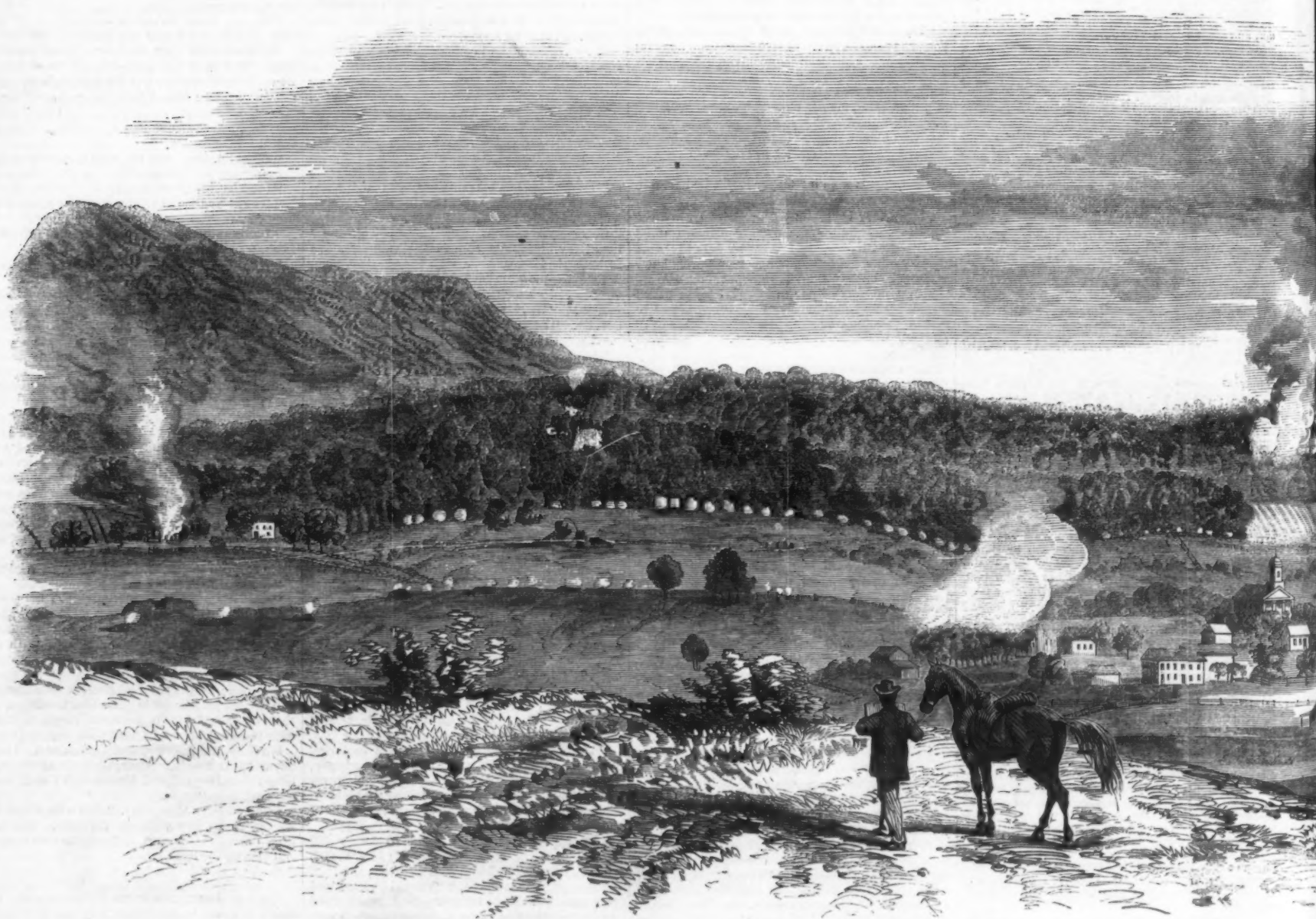
Then we took the resolution never to allow the sun to set on our little misunderstandings, so that we should always lie down in peace, if not with the whole world, at least with one another. We have faithfully kept our agreement. I have never spent another miserable week as the one I have related to you, and I know that I shall never see such a one again.

I hope, Emily, that you will find with Harry the happiness I enjoy with my husband. The best wish I can form for you, is that your first quarrel will also be the last one.

ON THE RESPIRATION OF FLOWERS.—M. Cahours, in a note to the French Academy of Sciences, says that while the green parts of plants, under the influence of light, absorb carbonic acid, assimilate the carbon, and give out oxygen, the colored parts, on the contrary, under the same circumstances, absorb oxygen, and give out carbonic acid. The amount of carbonic acid evolved seemed to increase as the temperature rose; and a growing flower gave out more than a fully blown one.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, SEPT. 2.

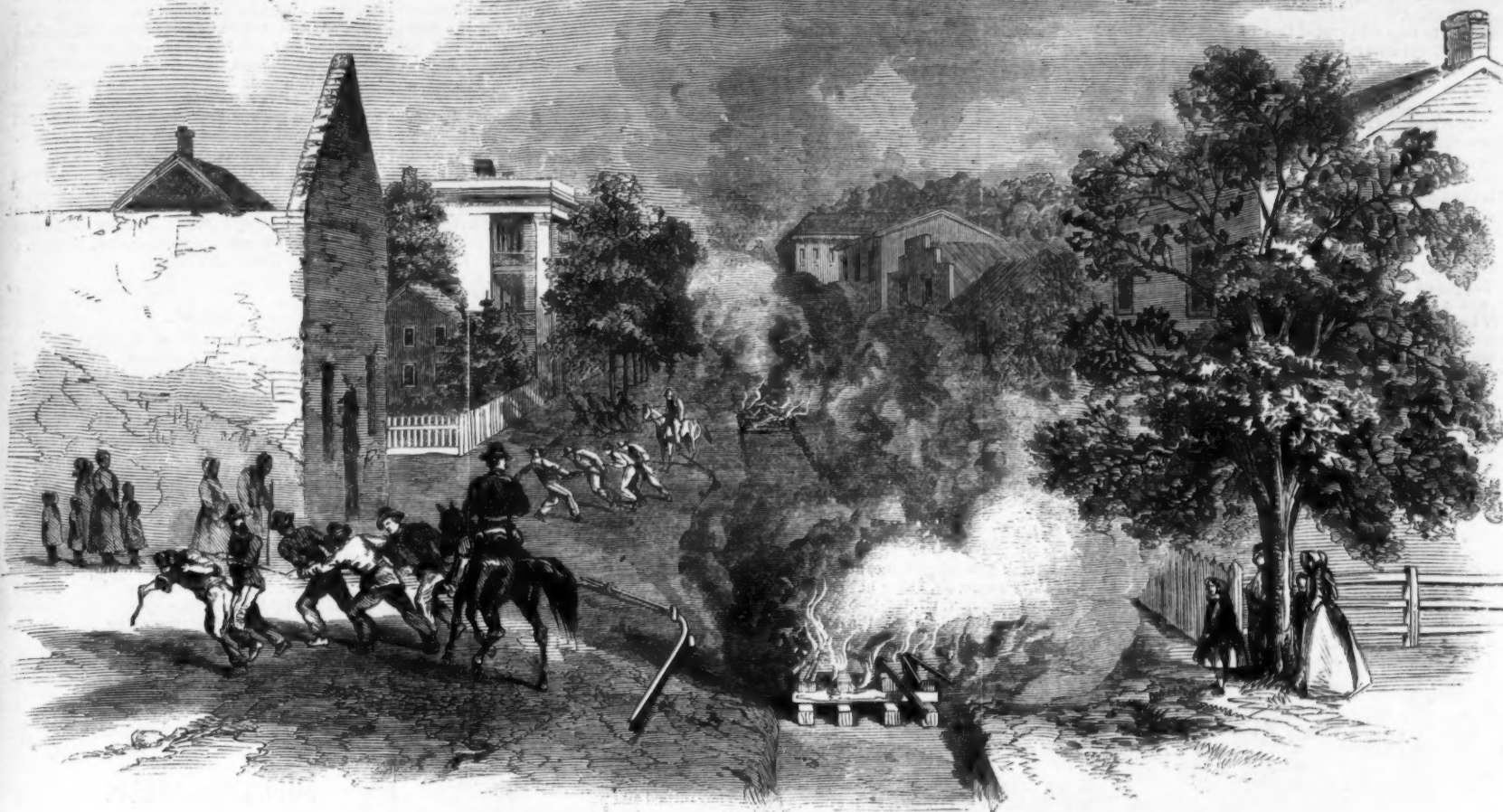


Newell's Barn.

Mouth of the Shenandoah.

Battery.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, SEPT. 2.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—OUR FORCES AT JONESBORO DESTROYING THE MACON RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEO. D. SAYLOR, 2ND IOWA INFANTRY.

THE TWINS OF THE HEART.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

Two chambers has the human heart,
Where joy and sorrow ever dwell;
Close they nestle, yet apart,
Each within her silent cell.
Is laughing joy in hers awake?
For they ne'er awake together,
Sorrow then her rest doth take,
E'en as dark and sunny weather.
Merry-hearted joy, beware,
Lest you rouse your sister sleeper,
Let thy laugh be soft and fair,
Slumber best becomes the weeper.

TOUCHING THE BODY;

OR,

THE MURDERER'S TEST.

A DISTINGUISHED attorney of Baltimore, not long since deceased, with whom I had the pleasure of an intimacy something more than professional, one evening, as we discussed cigars and wine at his table after dinner, interested me with the relation of a thrilling incident in his experience. An atrocious murder had been recently perpe-



THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE BOY.

trated in New York, some features of which we had been speaking of, and which led to the somewhat confidential communication of his narrative. "I shall not mention names," he said. But if the reader pleases we will assume names for the convenience of relation:

A Mr. Arthur Norton had been engaged in mercantile business—in fact, a pretty extensive business on Baltimore street, for some fifteen years. He was generally supposed to be wealthy. I had transacted his legal business, and had re-

peatedly suggested to him the propriety of making his will. His wife had been dead four or five years, and he was left, well advanced in life, and in impaired health, with one son, a rather delicate youth of fifteen years, at the precise time I am speaking of.

One morning I was sent for hastily to Mr. Norton's house. He had been taken ill during the night, and was supposed to be slowly sinking afterwards. He desired me to make his will. Left alone together, he said, that his wealth had been greatly overrated of late by popular opinion; and this I believe to be the reason why he postponed the obvious duty to which he now addressed himself. He enumerated what real and personal estate he possessed, and estimated its entire value at thirty thousand dollars. It realised, in fact, thirty-six thousand dollars. The vicissitudes of commerce, he said, had reduced his gains to that sum. He was confident that he had at one time, only a few years before, been worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. He was evidently very earnest in his purpose to impress me with the importance of this fact.

I drew up the will in accordance with the instructions he had jotted down that morning. After some few legacies to bookkeeper, salesmen, clerks and servants, five thousand dollars were devised to his brother, James, and all the rest of the property to his son, Arthur. He then added this note:

"I do not devise anything to my niece, Margaret, whose love and kindness to me during her occasional visits to my house have caused me to esteem her very highly; but, I hope that she will become the wife of my son, Arthur, who, I believe, loves her very dearly."

I ventured some inquiries on this subject, and learned that Mr. James Norton was a master mechanic in rather a small way. He also was a widower, and had one daughter, Margaret, who was just four months the junior of her cousin, Arthur. I remarked that they were very young to have indicated mutual affection. My client corrected my misapprehension by saying, that he didn't know they ever had. I thought it possible then, that his wish would not be regarded. He thought so, too, but concluded that Margaret would inherit the five thousand dollars left to her father, any way. I was dubious on this point, but the old gentleman was not disposed to discuss the matter, and a clergyman was announced as in the parlor. The will was duly witnessed, I being appointed administrator, and Mr. James Norton guardian of the boy Arthur. The old gentleman died that evening.

Arthur had no inclination to pursue the business of his father, had it been possible. Mr. James Norton knew nothing about it, and it was sold to a very fair advantage. Arthur was then placed at an excellent educational institution, and I heard nothing more of him, till one morning I read a paragraph in the paper stating that he was drowned. The facts were very meagre, the reporter introducing them with the remark, that at a late hour last night he had ascertained that while Mr. James Norton and his nephew, Arthur, were engaged in fishing from a boat in the harbor, opposite Canton, the young man had fallen overboard and was drowned, notwithstanding the prolonged efforts of his uncle to discover and rescue him after he disappeared beneath the

surface. Mr. Norton shrieked for help, and finally returned, almost frantic, to the city.

And James Norton is the heir at law, said I to myself as I laid down the paper. I was suspicious of foul play immediately. The truth is, I recoiled instinctively from that man upon meeting him at his brother's house when the will was opened and read. The countenance and bearing of the fellow associated him with the prisoner's dock, from a professional point of view. I did not at the time like the idea of his guardianship, and determined to have as little to do with him as possible. I thought, perhaps, I had been remiss in my surveillance of his guardianship, and might thus

have contributed to the boy's untimely fate. But I resolved to spare no effort for the complete elucidation of this affair, and if foul play had been practised, to bring Mr. James Norton to account. So much at least by way of compensation for the past.

I had not breakfasted when the bell rung. The servant entered. "Mr. James Norton wishes to see Mr. — immediately, if possible."

* With all my professional experience I felt my blood rushing back upon my heart. I sent word I would see him in five minutes. In those five minutes I endeavored to collect myself for a searching process with this man, to probe his



THE ORDEAL OF TOUCH.

heart, and to convict him of his guilt, if possible, on the spot, and give him into custody.

When I entered the parlor he was pacing up and down the floor. I had determined to seat him with his face in the light of the window, but whether anticipating such an effect or not, without salutation even, he seated himself with his back to the light, and left me to choose my position.

"Oh, Mr. —," he exclaimed, directly; "this is a horrible affair."

He seemed to take for granted that I had heard of it. A murderer always believes that the fact of his crime is instantly carried abroad as on the wings of the wind. His fallacious hope is, that the perpetrator will be undiscovered. Mr. James Norton's first demonstration was suspicious.

"I have just read in the paper that your nephew was drowned last evening while in your company." I determined to be frank with him, and have always found it the best policy in the end. "Was no one present but yourselves—you and the lad, Mr. Norton?"

"Not a soul."

"Nor in sight?"

"It happened just after dusk—a most dark. There was a sloop going up the channel and a steamer had just passed down."

"It was very unfortunate that no other small boats were near."

"There was some up nigher town, going in; but we'd a sort o' drifted down rather far."

"Is the account in the papers a correct one?"

"Pretty nigh. It just happened by Arthur's letting go his oar and reaching over after it. He went down head-foremost, missed the oar and never came up. I kept a rowing about for half an hour and hollered, but couldn't make nobody hear, and then pulled up to town."

"With one oar?"

There was the slightest perceptible pause.

"One oar and the sail."

"Oh, there was a sail?"

"Yes; didn't I say so?"

"Not before."

"I thought it was my duty to let you know about it from me, Mr. —, and so I called," he said, rising.

He had taken the alarm.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Norton," I said, with perfect control of my voice, though I was deeply agitated. "May I ask whether there has been any indication that Arthur would carry out his father's wish with regard to your daughter?" I resumed, scarcely believing that he would have committed such an act as I suspected him of if the consummation of this wish had seemed probable. The young girl, Margaret, I had been much pleased with, after what little I had seen of her.

"I believe they were getting to be very fond one of the other."

"Does she know of this calamity?"

"She's a most crazy over it, and has been a subject all night, and saying all sorts o' things."

"Mr. Norton," I said, suddenly changing the point, "could Arthur swim?"

"Not a stroke; he was sort of 'feard of the water."

"How did you happen to know he could not swim?"

"I heard him say so only a few days ago."

"How came he to say so?"

"I—I think I asked him, or—maybe Meg did."

"Try and recollect whether the question was from you or your daughter. These little things may be of some consequence hereafter."

"Why, you aint agoing to try me, I s'pose."

"Not at all. But every fact will be thoroughly investigated at the inquest."

"If the body is found," Mr. Norton remarked.

"If the body is found."

"And if the body aint found?" and he paused.

"There can be no inquest—no *corpus delicti* whatsoever."

"No what?"

"No *corpus delicti*."

"And what's that?"

"No evidence of crime whatsoever; and even though you were to confess that you—"

The bell rung at that moment, and Mr. Norton started as if he had been stung. I did not finish what I was about to say, when he remarked:

"I don't think it's quite fair, Mr. —, to talk to me in that way."

The servant brought in a card and placed it in my hand. It was one taken from my own basket appropriated to the use of clients and other visitors unprovided themselves. It was my turn to start now—but I did not. But if Mr. Norton had been bold enough to scrutinize me, he would have seen I know not what sort of an expression, besides the pallor of my face.

"Tell the old lady to remain seated in the library, and I'll see her directly, Robert."

Robert opened his eyes a little wider than usual, perfectly comprehended me, and withdrew. I talked indifferently for a minute or two, and then requesting Mr. Norton to wait till I returned, I went out and shut the door, posting Robert in the hall, with orders to summon me if Mr. Norton came forth to leave the house. And then I plunged into the library. In five minutes I had arranged the business which called me there, and returned to my quarry. Had I a cruel satisfaction in torturing this victim by closing about him, bit by bit, the net in which he was to enmesh himself?

I think from the glib and unctuous phraseology in which detective officers give their testimony, they must revel in delicious glee as they wind the toils about their unconscious prey, and the supreme delight consists of the fact that it is unconscious. It was not so with me. Could I have met this man when he first entered my house with a direct accusation of his guilt, I would have done so, and spared him the torture I very well knew was already fastening upon his soul for ever and ever. I knew enough now boldly to make the charge against him, but it was still necessary to wring from him the undoubted proof of his guilt.

Upon returning to him I resumed the conversation by speaking of the reversion of the property.

"You are the heir-at-law, Mr. Norton. You are aware, probably, that the whole estate falls into your hands?"

"I supposed as much. I don't like to think about that, though, just now. It don't seem quite decent."

"Very true. Have you considered the possibility, Mr. Norton, of the boy's being alive?"—he started again and looked wildly at me—"I mean the possibility of his being rescued—picked up."

He was evidently relieved from the first startling supposition.

"Oh, no, sir—oh, no. There warn't nothing nigh to us, I told you. I hollered for help, and nobody heard me. It was a place deep enough to drown him if he had been fifteen foot high, and he couldn't swim. There was at least twenty foot of line out with the killock."

The "killock" is the little anchor with which these small fishing boats are held in position.

"The killock! Mr. Norton," I exclaimed, with some emphasis; "I thought you said you had drifted down?"

His eye wandered for an instant, helplessly; his fingers twitched nervously upon his knee.

"Drifted—did I say drifted? O, yes, after we got the killock up, and while we was a winding up the lines—yes, drifted a little bit down."

"After Arthur went overboard, you think he couldn't have caught the oar?"

He looked almost savagely at me, but paused before he answered, evidently to frame his reply.

"If he had a caught the oar wouldn't he have hollered to me?"

He was questioning me, you see.

"That might depend upon circumstances," I answered.

"What sort of circumstances?"

"Whether he felt quite sure that he could trust you again."

"Mr. —, I think you suspect me, and mean to insult me. Have a care, sir, I say; have a care. I shall leave your house now, sir."

I am sure that as he moved towards the door he did not feel quite confident that he would be permitted to do so.

"Where are you going, Mr. Norton?"

"I am going down to the place where the poor boy was drowned, Mr. —, and going to take some hands along, and grappling irons, to search for the body. I am going to do my duty, sir, you only do yours."

"I have been more prompt with mine, Mr. Norton. The body has been found and already brought to this house."

The man's jaw fell—he trembled in every limb—and reeled against the door. Then recovering himself in a moment or two, he jerked out the words:

"You're joking, Mr. —, you are a-joking—but you wouldn't joke—"

"No, Mr. Norton, I would not joke on such a subject as that. The body is here in this house, and is now laid out upon my library table. Will you walk in and see it?"

I don't think he could ever have told what answer he made. He mumbled something, and I took him by a firm clench of his arm, and led him passive as a child across the hall, threw open the library door, entered and closed it. There upon the table, stretched at its unnatural length, with its suggestive outlines delineated beneath the white sheet, it lay before his gaze—nothing but that muslin veil between the murderer and his victim. I endeavored to lead him to the body, but he recoiled and detached himself from my grasp.

I then approached it myself and drew the sheet from the upper part of the figure. A single glance at the pale face, the closed eyes, the long lashes, plastered, as it were, upon the dead-white cheek, and the miserable wretch was completely unnerved. He went to the window and endeavored, with weak and trembling hands, to lift the sash.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Norton," I said. "It were better not to have witnesses from the street of this painful scene, nor to suffer any loitering ear to hear us. In times not very remote, Mr. Norton, it was said that a murdered soul would give some sign of the criminal's presence if he approached and touched the body after death. I I frankly tell you, sir, that I suspect you of deliberately compassing this poor boy's destruction, and I conjure you to approach his body, place your hand upon his heart, and declare, before heaven, that you are innocent of such a design. Will you do it?"

He had partially recovered from his extreme nervous prostration, and huskily answered that he would. He advanced with wavering step, but his eyes were fixed upon the opposite wall. He just dropped them as he stood by the table to see where to place his hand, and laid it upon the region of the heart.

"I declare, in the presence of heaven—"

He had muttered these words, when he snatched away his hand and rushed from the table, his teeth chattering in his head.

"What is the matter?" said I, as he sank into a chair.

"Good God, his heart is beating!"

"It is the sign," said I. "And look there!"

The body rose to a sitting posture. Norton sprang from his chair to the door, but it was locked.

"Uncle," exclaimed young Arthur, "you would have added perjury in the very face of heaven to the crime of murder!"

Then he leaped from the table.

"I am alive and well!"

But his uncle did not hear these last words. He had fallen insensible to the floor, and it was an hour or more before he returned to consciousness.

"How in the world had the boy escaped destruction?" I asked.

By obeying the suggestion of his own well-grounded fears. He had for some time been troubled with apprehensions of his uncle's designs. He could scarcely define any particular thing to

which to ascribe them. His uncle did not encourage the affection of Margaret for him for one thing, though he knew that they were both well disposed to fulfil the wish of the deceased Mr. Norton. Then a pointed inquiry whether he could swim—could he swim even a little?—followed in a day or two by an almost peremptory declaration of purpose to have an afternoon's fishing together, flung the lad into a state of feverish, nervous alarm, the cause of which he could communicate to none, for he had no one with whom he could take counsel upon so grave a suspicion, and one which he still fancied might be utterly groundless.

I asked him why he did not come to me, and he replied that he thought of me as the last person he could approach with such an intimation, from very fear that if it was well founded, as a lawyer, I should establish the guilty purpose, and so ruin his uncle. There was a charming amiability in the boy you see, and it was exhibited to the last. So he took safe, prudent and timely counsel of his fears, and purchased a patent life-preserving vest which he had seen advertised, and put it on before venturing upon the fishing excursion. It was inflated through an elastic tube which it was only necessary to pull out from the inside, place in the mouth and blow into, a turn of a screw in the embouchure retaining the air. He had made up his mind, he said, if he got safe home without any attempt on the part of his uncle to do harm to him, to abandon his fears, and then exhibit his patent vest as the resort of his timidity under his inability to swim.

They had taken some few fish, but they did not bite freely—it was rather early to expect it in fact—but his uncle seemed to linger needlessly and aimlessly as unprofitably, so far as sport was concerned, until night came on, and two or three boats which had been not far from them had withdrawn. The boy observed that his uncle seemed pre-occupied, seldom spoke, but frequently looked all around him, until the twilight obscured observation from any point of the shore or vessel within view. It was at this time that Arthur took an opportunity to inflate his vest by occasional instalments. It was nearly dark when his uncle proposed to take in lines and go home. The boat was still held in position by the killock. His uncle having occupied a good deal of time in getting in the lines, seated himself in the middle of the boat with his face to the bow, and the oars lying one upon each hand alongside in the boat.

"Now, Arthur," he said, "up killock."

The boy turned and pulled upon the rope, but it did not immediately yield to his strength, when his uncle stepped over the seat between them, and grasping the rope with his left hand, exclaimed:

"Now for a strong pull," and at the same moment seized the boy by one leg just above the ankle, and pitched him head foremost into the water. He came up so promptly, beating the water about him and calling for help, that his uncle's suspicions might well have been aroused; but as he found himself buoyed up, and free from the worse danger of his uncle's power, he threw himself as flatly as he could upon the less treacherous deep and floated away. He stated that he could not believe his uncle trusted himself with a single look after him, for he saw him in a few moments pulling from the spot with the oars—both oars you see—and no sail set, as fast as he could.

Arthur soon felt himself quite at ease in his new situation, but was soon alarmed to find that he was drifting into what he supposed to be the channel, where he might be run down by a steamer, or carried out into the bay. Presently, satisfied that his uncle was out of hearing, and perceiving that the light of Lazaretto Point must be within hailing distance, he began to shout for help, and was almost instantly relieved by a response. A boat came off shore, and he was saved. He told the man who had thus aided him, that he had fallen overboard from a vessel, but had fortunately anticipated such an accident by wearing a life-preserving article of dress, gave the man a dollar for his trouble, and walked to town, took a bed at a tavern, hung his clothes up to dry during the night, and came off to me first thing in the morning, having first fortified himself with a good breakfast, thus having actually brought his body to my house before I had broken my fast. It was Arthur's card that Robert brought to me in Norton's presence, and on going to the lad in the library, I heard his story in a few words. We instantly improvised the little dramatic scene I have related, with the happiest effect, Robert lending a helping hand while I returned to Norton, but to this day ignorant of the parties, the plot, its design and denouement.

"And what did you with the villain?" I asked.

"Well, literally—*entre nous*—we compounded a felony."

Arthur begged so hard that his uncle might be saved—"He may become a good man, you know, sir, yet—and then there's Margaret," &c.; and so I yielded much against my inclination, but insisted upon two conditions: First, that so base a criminal should surrender his guardianship as a matter of course; and, secondly, that he should leave the State of Maryland never to return to it. Arthur demurred to the last, but I would submit to no other terms. Upon these we had agreed by the time Norton had come back to his worthless self, when the first use was made of his consciousness was, to grovel upon his hands and knees, and beg for his craven life.

He gladly accepted the terms, but neither Arthur nor myself had foreseen the consequences. In the fulfilment of them poor Margaret saw her fears confirmed, and fell fearfully ill. Arthur visited her, and assured her that she was all the world to him; and young as he was he would marry her at once, if she would consent, and banish the idea she entertained utterly from her mind. But he could not honestly deny the accusation, her natural instincts had authenticated as the cause of her father's action, and she rapidly sank and died. I verily believe of a broken heart.

Norton soon afterwards converted all he had

into money, and took his departure for California; and in three weeks was killed in a *mélée* with the natives of Panama.

"And Arthur?" I asked.

"That is my secret. He still lives."

About three months after this story was thus told to me, I received an invitation from my friend to witness the nuptial ceremony of his second daughter, about to be united with a young man who had been an earnest and persevering student at law, in her father's office, and had since his admission to the bar made quite a successful professional debut. As they stepped into the carriage and drove away from the church door—a handsome pair, a beautiful girl, and a tall, intellectual featured youth—my friend whose hand was resting upon my arm whispered:

"A word in your ear—strictly confidential. There's many a slip, &c., consequently when I told you that anecdote some weeks ago about the drowned boy, I did not know positively that he would become my son-in-law, though I expected it. That is the lad."

SONG.

TAKE me from these dreary shades;

Lift me to some softer morn,

Where the laughing light invades

That old silence of the glades

Which was born when trees were born.

Where the docile winds take care

Not to ruffle any brook,

Lest queen-clouds that pace the air

Should not find a mirror there

When they pass, and pause, and look.

Where the dazzling nights endure

Till the day has passed its spring,

And where starlight is so pure

That no bird is ever sure

Whether it should sleep or sing.

Somewhere there is never rain,

Never trouble in the air;

Not a breath of care or pain;

Take me to that land again;

I have dreamed I once was there.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XVII.—A TRIAL OF STRENGTH.

The wind was blowing keenly from the north, and full in Mrs. Oldum's face, as she looked down the road in search of her son. From her lofty observatory she could not all the outgoing and incoming of the villagers. She knew when any one had a grand wash, and in what state of preservation their clothes remained. She saw many quarrels, a few reconciliations, and an occasional fight. Her lynx eyes were often, too, the scornful witnesses of stolen kisses. She could tell to a unit how many lads sought the convivialities of the Red Lion of an evening; and when Mrs. So-and-so stole in the dusk for a quieting draught, Mrs. Oldum knew all about it, and grieved piously at such drunkenness and deceit.

"You had the toothache terrible bad last night, hadn't you?" would Dame Oldum say to Mrs. So-and-so, when she met her the next day in the street.

"The toothache! I never had such a thing in my life."

"Oh, I thought it was that sent you to the Red Lion yesterday for a little drop of spirit," would the wily old woman reply.

Then came a pause, which was broken presently by Dame Oldum's voice pitched into a soft key.

"They tell me you killed the most beautiful pig last month. I was wondering if there was any of it left by this time."

"There's only a few bits, and my husband sets such store by his pork," says the victim, painfully aware that resistance will be useless.

"Praps he sets store by other things besides," answers the dame. "Some men is fonder of a sober wife than they is of pork."

"Hush! hush!" exclaims Mrs. So-and-so, glancing apprehensively about. "You shall have a bit. I'll bring it up to-morrow."

"Thank you," said Dame Oldum; and having gained her purpose, she trudges homewards in high glee.

And it was for these things that Dame Oldum had come to be considered a person of consequence in the village, and was looked up to literally as well as metaphorically, as a person too high in the world to be offended with impunity. But her star had been more particularly in the ascendant these last few months. She spoke vaguely of some mine of hers she could work at pleasure, and certainly every wish she formed seemed to meet with rapid fulfilment. She wanted some warm winter habiliments, and they came to her as if by magic; and on Christmas day she sat down to as "noble a j'nt" the neighbors remarked, as any lady in the land.

In the darker ages Dame Oldum would assuredly have been taken for a witch, and put to all sorts of tests. Even now she was regarded as something not altogether canny, and there were found people to declare that she had entered the service of his Satanic Majesty for a little consideration. The dame herself rather favored this hypothesis on the ground that it was convenient for her purpose, and even strengthened the delusion by occasionally dispensing charms. She told fortunes, too, in a friendly way, and fetched such wonders out of a tea-cup as all the science of a Newton would have been ineffectual to disclose. But to-day the dame contented herself with more simple efforts at divination. She was waiting for

her son, whilst the dinner on the board smoked through the open door.

"It's that hussy, it's all that hussy again," she exclaimed with prophetic accuracy, and she gave a spiteful glance towards Woodman's cottage. "No one could be more regular at his meals than Ben was before he took up with her, and now the wittles stand until the fat's like taller, because he must needs make morning calls like his betters. I haven't no patience with men, and that's a fact. As soon as they get as high as your knee, they must go galivanting and making fools of themselves. If we was to make such fuss about pink cheeks as they do, I don't know how the work would get done. I thought Ben was more sensible than the common run, but I see now he was only waiting for an opportunity, for he's took the fever about the worst of anybody I ever saw. And he must be a fool," she added, looking back at the smoking joint; "as if all the talk in the world was equal to that meat when the fat was hot, as it should be."

Dame Oldum's anger almost yielded to compassion at Ben's ignorance and folly. She was about to re-enter the house and begin her dinner without him, when she saw the door of Woodman's cottage open and Ben come out. Rose was behind him, the wind blowing her fair hair about her flushed cheeks, and her great violet eyes sparkling with modest joy. Dame Oldum could even see the flutter of Rose's bodice as it heaved joyously with the quick throbs of her heart. Ben was holding her hand and looking down into her face, and she was smiling up at him with a smile speaking words of modest love. Many a mother would have been satisfied for her son, seeing him so beloved; but Dame Oldum was not generous by nature. She liked Ben well enough, but he was only necessary to her through her egotism. She could live without him, but she could live better with him, and in a way to get the most pleasure out of her remaining years. This was her sole motive in grudging Ben any other affection; but this motive was strong enough to make her hate Rose, and look upon her as a person it was natural and legitimate that she should wish to injure.

The dame's wicked heart was bitter within her as she watched the two standing there looking into each other's eyes, unconscious of observation. She doubled her fist, and her keen old face brightened with some evil resolve.

"Ah, my lady," she muttered between her teeth, "whilst you're flaunting about I'm working, and it will come hard if old brains don't get the better of pink cheeks."

"Pink cheeks are very well in their way, and go further than old brains with some people," said a decided, manly voice close behind her, in which was perceptible the slightest shade of repressed contempt.

The dame turned sharply about, and came face to face with Captain Marsh.

"Ah, it is you, sir," she said, with some show of hostility. "I wasn't expecting the favor of your visit. May I make bold to inquire what you want me for?"

"I'll tell you what I want with you presently," answered Captain Marsh; "but first oblige me by stopping a little farther back. If you hang over the hill-side in that way your head will become giddy, and you will assuredly fall and break your neck."

"Maybe you'd like to come in-doors?" she replied, turning round and going towards the cottage-door.

"No, thank you, I am very well where I am, only it is necessary to caution you about falling. I frequently see you hanging over the village, and have wondered that you never had an accident."

"And if I did, shouldn't you be glad enough? I lay the manor people would set the bells ringing, and make a bonfire on the common, if I was to die. I know pretty well how I'm looked on in some parts."

"You are regarded according to your deserts; but an old woman who passes her time in intimidating a sorrowful and defenceless woman, and wheedling all her money out of her, can't expect to be looked upon with any vast amount of sympathy. This system of intimidation has been going on for some time now, I know, but mind me, dame, it shall not continue."

"Who's to prevent it?" she said, putting herself into a defiant attitude.

"I will, and that speedily. You are darkening my cousin's very life, and I won't permit it."

"People don't say 'won't' and 'shan't' to me easily," she replied, an impudent smile crossing her thin, pinched lips. "Haven't you been here long enough to know that?"

"I have been here long enough to learn a great many things, and I will tell you one of them. I have learnt that you are more knave than fool, dame."

"Any one could have told you that without your taking the trouble of spelling it out," said the old woman with insolent candor.

"That's very probable; but I don't trust to other people's observation and experience, as a rule; I prefer my own. I am more free to act when this knowledge is of my own seeking and finding. In the present case I am simply indebted to my eyes and ears for any discovery I may have made respecting your character, and I give you due notice that I mean to set on the information obtained."

"And so you may, and willing; you can't harm me."

"I am not so sure about that, dame. Old women who are constantly seen prying about people's houses, and threatening those they know to be helpless and sorrowful, are scarcely considered fit objects of charity. Ben gets plenty of work now, but, remember, one word from Mr. Marsh to Sir Bernard Sykes, and he is thrown out of place."

"There's always as good fish in the sea as have come out of it."

"Yes, if you don't mind shifting your tackle. But perhaps Ben would hardly care to leave the village; he might think—there's no telling—that

starvation near Rose of the pink cheeks was better than prosperity and plenty elsewhere."

"Yes, he's fool enough for that, I dare say," answered the old woman with irrepressible candor.

"Well, and how would that suit your purpose?"

"I shouldn't starve. I haven't worked my mine clear yet."

"You have, if my influence will hold good," said Cyril, turning to depart. "I have taken the matter into my own hands, so that, whenever you want anything for the future, apply to me, and I will give you a suitable answer."

"Does Miss Nina know you are come?" questioned the old woman, as he moved a few paces from her side.

"No; I meant to tell her, but forgot it."

"Well, then, tell her when you get home, and let her know, too, will you? that I've took the merriner gown she gave me for every day wear, and shall want something better for Sundays."

And, with a chuckle of the most triumphant insolence, the old woman made him an elaborate courtesy, and went in-doors to her dinner with an appetite all the keener for the past contest.

CHAPTER XVIII.—KATIE'S CHARGE.

KATIE had rallied during the cold, dry winter weather, but when the sharp spring breezes began to sigh through the trees she became daily weaker and weaker, whilst her cough troubled her incessantly day and night. The little thin, patient face, with its great hollow eyes and burning lips, was a painful sight to them all, though only Cyril realised the full significance of the change.

Katie often spoke to him of her death, but never before the others. Perhaps he divined the effort they were making to blind themselves, and would not deceive them until the last moment. Certain it is that the child opened her heart to Cyril alone, and that her simple theology afforded a satisfying answer to his own doubts.

March had blown itself out and a few milder days had set in. Katie rallied again in order to welcome the sunshine, but it was evident to Cyril that her improvement would be merely transitory. For a week her brilliant eyes and crimson cheeks rejoiced the hearts of her parents and Nina; then she suddenly sunk again into more determined weakness. She did not complain of any suffering, and her cough altogether ceased now. Her young life seemed to fade away very gradually and gently. She was perfectly resigned, and, perhaps, even glad in her little heart to be going home to God.

One evening towards the last they were all gathered round her bed. Mrs. Marsh was showing Katie the gorgeous sunset and predicting that she would have a fine day on the morrow and be able to get up and enjoy it. Katie's large hollow eyes had followed her mother's, and her little face was flooded with the roseate light. Perhaps she was thinking, too, of being better on the morrow—better in heaven. At any rate, she had sunk into a deep reverie they could see she did not wish to have disturbed, and they were silent.

"I wish some one would sing to me," said Katie, presently.

Nina began a few soft notes, then buried her head against the coverlet, and her bosom heaved with suppressed sobs.

Katie laid her thin hand caressingly on Nina's neck.

"You couldn't, darling, I knew; but cousin Cyril will."

Captain Marsh bent over her with great tenderness.

"What shall I sing to you, dear Katie?"

"About the weary traveller—I am so weary, and I can see my home, but it is not 'distant still,' cousin Cyril—it is very close now."

His voice softly modulated, but beautifully clear and distinct, Captain Marsh sang the hymn from beginning to end.

When he had finished, Katie gave a little sigh of gentle contentment and closed her eyes.

Then Mrs. Marsh and Madeleine crept softly out—Mrs. Marsh to fetch her husband, Madeleine to fetch her work. Madeleine's cold, selfish, self-absorbed nature was wearied by the study of a little dying girl. She felt that she ought to be there—she rather wished to be, but she could not remain idle. She had always taught her fingers to work and her heart to be still. It was too late to unlearn the old lesson now, and teach her heart to work and her fingers to be still. She knew that Katie was going, and she was sorry to part with her; but we think if any one had destroyed her embroidery-frame, with the arduous work of months nearly completed on it, she would have grieved more keenly, if not so enduringly.

Meanwhile Nina and Cyril kept watch together at the bedside of the little dying girl. She had seemed to be sleeping, but when the door closed upon Mrs. Marsh and her eldest daughter, Katie opened wide her dim blue eyes and looked wistfully at Captain Marsh.

"You once promised me you would take care of Nina," she said, in a low, faint voice. "You won't forget?"

"No, Katie, I will not."

"And you will be gentle with her, cousin Cyril?"

"As gentle as a father with a beloved child. Are you satisfied, Katie?"

"When you promise anything I always am satisfied. I know you will do it, and do it better, too, than any one else could. It was only Nina, somehow, I wanted to live for. Mama and papa love me very much, but then they have other children. Madeleine—"

But here the child stopped and sighed. If she knew how little heart her eldest sister possessed she did not care to talk of it at such a time. But for Nina, who loved her so tenderly, almost maternally, Katie could measure the terrible loss of her presence. Perhaps she realised to some extent how great a safeguard she had been to Nina. Left to her despairing thoughts and own most wretched conscience, Nina might—we can hardly tell—have sought self-destruction. But this child

had saved her simply by her innocence and love. Nina knew all that she was losing, and the plaintive cry broke from her lips:

"Oh, Katie, what will become of me when you are gone?"

"I will take care of you," said Cyril, passing round to the other side of the bed and taking both her hands in his own. "I will take care of you, Nina."

"Yes, against others; but I am my own enemy most of all, and who will save me from myself?"

"Only God can do that," answered Cyril, earnestly. "What is in the power of mortal man I will do for you, not only on Katie's account, but on your own. I cannot give any fuller promise, Nina; you must trust me now, that is all."

She lifted up her face and drew closer to Katie. She was haggard and tearstained, but the fatal beauty which had brought her so much sorrow and reproach still kept her company—when it had best have been absent and forgotten—for the minute, at least. Seeing her so tearful and worn, and yet lovely still, in spite of all disadvantages, Cyril, who had been speaking with brotherly tenderness before, bent over her with darkening eyes, and whispered, in a tone of passionate earnestness:

"Remember that you belong to me—I never gave you up—and shall I be careless of my best possession? Katie," he added, turning to the dying child, "you would like me to have Nina for my own and take care of her, wouldn't you?"

The girl's face brightened.

"Oh, cousin Cyril, I have always wanted that!"

"Then ask Nina; she will listen to you, Katie. You need not tell her how much I love her—she knows it well enough already; but you can tell her that the past will be as nothing to me if she will only give me some happiness in the present and future."

Nina gave a startled glance of inquiry up into Cyril's face. But Cyril went on with the same passionate earnestness as before.

"I ask no questions now, Nina. I have grown wiser than of old. I only ask you to come to me as you are, and let nothing be thought of between us but our love for each other."

"You would take me like that?" said Nina, in a tone of mingled joy and incredulity.

"Ask Katie," he answered with his most gentle smile. "I know her wishes will be laws with you now, and I have taken the precaution of getting her for my ally. She must plead my cause; I have failed so often myself that I dare not try again."

"You will marry cousin Cyril, dear Nina, won't you?" said Katie, anxiously. "The thought of leaving you is the only thing that has kept me from dying in peace. But if you were with him you would be happy, and he would take care of you, just as he has taken care of me. I should know then that you could not miss me so very much."

"Katie," replied Nina, with grave earnestness, "Cyril does not know all he promises; but if, a year hence, he should still wish to marry me, and I should be free, I will become his wife."

Cyril bent over her again, and whispered softly:

"Nina, do you love me enough to make my hope yours?"

"Katie, tell him," she murmured, burying her head again in the bedclothes—"tell him that I love him with my whole heart."

At this moment Mrs. Marsh re-entered the room, bringing her husband with her. Mr. Marsh walked straight up to the child's bed, and took her feeble hand in both of his.

"Your mama tells me that you seem worse to-night, Katie. Do you feel so?"

"Not worse, papa, but better," she said, her dim gray face turned lovingly up to him. "I am nearer to God."

"My darling, we cannot spare you; you must not think of leaving us all," said Mr. Marsh, with a demonstrative tenderness not common to him.

"We cannot do without our little Katie."

"But if God wants me too, papa, I must go to Him, mustn't I?"

"And you are glad to go?" said Mr. Marsh, almost in a tone of reproach.

"Not glad to be leaving you all, dear papa, but glad to be going to heaven. You will come to me there some day, and then there will be no more parting, dear papa, but we shall all be happy together."

Mr. Marsh shook his head doubtfully and sorrowfully.

"I think Doctor Oundle should be sent for," he said, presently, not in his usual tone of calm decision. "I don't fancy there can be so much the matter after all. You feel weak, my love, don't you? But you suffer no pain?"

"I am quite easy now that my cough is gone. My side used to ache so badly, but it has quite left me, and I feel as if I were going to get well; and I am going to get well, papa—in heaven."

"My love, who has put these gloomy ideas into your head? It is quite natural for young people to wish to live, especially when they have so many comforts about them as you have."

"At first I did feel that it was hard to be dying so young, but I don't now. I am quite, quite happy, dear papa. Only I want all of you to come to me in heaven; and you will, won't you?"

Her faint, pleading voice broke off here, and she sank back breathless upon her pillow. Nina wiped her moist forehead, and sprinkled some refreshing perfume over the bed. Then Katie lay down, saying she should sleep. She seemed very weary, and yet her earthly pilgrimage had been short. Katie had learned the blessedness of death, after only twelve years of life. And it was better so. There was less of earth's taint to cast off, less stain to wipe away, than if she had lived to a ripe age. Katie could go silently to her long rest, and those left behind had no need to grieve as with people who have no hope, for Katie was going to a better home than any riches could gain for her here. Nina and Mrs. Trent passed the night by Katie's bed. Mr. Marsh remained in the library adjoining, giving orders that Mrs. Trent should call him if she perceived any change.

CANINE FIDELITY:

An Incident in the Battle of Winchester.

OUR Artist, after the battle of Winchester, strolling over the ground marked by the battle and in the woods in front of the 19th corps, where the most stubborn fighting took place, and the dead lay thickly strewn amid the trees, which towered above them, found an incident which he has sketched. Of the fidelity of the dog we have often heard. Here was an instance. A rebel soldier lay dead on his back, killed, apparently, almost instantly by a bullet through his forehead, his gun beneath him as he fell, a round shot but a few feet from him. By his side was his faithful dog. It was in vain to attempt to approach the corpse, the animal, true to his master, allows no one to draw near, but remained there, steadfastly keeping watch by the dead, waiting, doubtless, for some familiar face to approach.

BRIG.-GEN. D. A. RUSSELL.

BRIG.-GEN. D. A. RUSSELL, whose lamented death it is our mournful duty to record, was a gallant soldier and an accomplished gentleman. He was a native of Washington county, New York. Entering the West Point Military Academy at an early age, he graduated in July, 1845. Ten years of his subsequent life were devoted to operations on the Pacific coast. He was a Captain in the 4th Regular Infantry. When the war broke out he was chosen Colonel of the 7th Mass. regiment. He led the regiment with honor through the memorable campaign on the Peninsula, under Gen. McClellan. For distinguished services in the battle of Williamsburg he was appointed Brevet-Major in the regular army; passing through the battle of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, he was soon made a full Major in the 8th Infantry, and subsequently appointed Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army for general good conduct during the whole campaign. In November of the same year (1862) he received his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, which was confirmed in the month of March of the following year. He commanded his brigade on the left of the line at Fredericksburg in December, 1862; at Salem Heights in May, 1863; in the expedition to Beverly and Kelly's fords in the following June, and at Gettysburg in July.

He presented to the War Department the colors which his brigade had captured on the Rappahannock. The General was highly complimented for his gallant conduct and important services while in command of his brigade, and was soon after entrusted with the command of a division. He took command of the 1st division of the 6th corps in November, 1863, and, with the exception of a short time, when he had charge of the 3d division, he conducted the 1st division through the sanguinary scenes of this wonderful campaign, from the battles in the Wilderness through the fights at Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and near Petersburg, down to the recent important victory in the Shenandoah valley, where the fatal force of a cannon ball closed his grand career. Gen. Russell was a man of noble stature and pleasing manners. At the time of his death he was about 40 years of age. His loss will be deeply felt by his companions in arms as well as by the country at large.

NEW MUSIC.

THE MUSICAL HOST. Nos. 1-9. New York: J. W. Fortune, Publisher, 102 Centre street.

Musical periodicals have seldom attained popularity because they could not bear any comparison in matter or form with the sheet music of the day. From want of sufficient funds or enterprise the selections were inferior, the printing gray and repulsive to the musical eye. If any one, judging merely by past experience, throws aside the Musical Host, he will err sadly. It is well edited, the pieces of a high order, embracing every variety, songs, waltzes, quadrilles, selections from the newest and most popular operas of the day, and especially a series of part songs arranged by H. O. Watson, that cannot fail to give universal satisfaction. We have known, ourselves, the first few numbers lie unheeded from old prejudice, to find later the current number looked for as anxiously as any monthly visitor.

The publisher has on his part accomplished wonders, his very cover shows an artistic taste that prepares you for an elegant interior. The paper is magnificent, firm, thick and substantial; the printing careful; the ink a clear black. No musician, lady or gentleman, once meeting a number of the Musical Host, and sitting down to try its contents, will fail to make it a regular visitor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from Europe is of little political importance.

There had been a change of ministry in Spain, and Field-Marshal Narvaez had been appointed by the Queen her Premier.

Capt. Speke, the celebrated discoverer of the source of the Nile, had been accidentally killed.

The Princess of Prussia had given birth to another son.

The *Wasson Zeitung* affirms that the supposed privateer, New Alabama, at Bremerhaven, has been purchased by Prussia for the navy.

The London *Herald*, alluding to the Presidential election in the United States, says: "We believe all negotiations must fall as all force has failed. We believe that separation would be just and wise and must become inevitable; but we admit that if reunion were possible the Democratic party offers the only chance of its accomplishment."

Active operations have commenced for the manufacture of the Atlantic telegraph cable.

The London *Times* lectures the Australasians who talk of separating from England, and says "they charge us with not allowing England to indulge in their taste for military glory," and proceeds to show the Australasians that had England gone to war for Poland, Russia, expecting an outbreak, would have instructed her Admirals on the American and California coasts to leave their respective posts by different routes for a common rendezvous in mid-ocean. The fleet thus assembled was to hold itself in readiness to bear down on the Australian colonies with a number fully adequate to the service.

The Paris *Moniteur* reports that the English Government in Japan had summoned the Japanese Government to remove, within 20 days, all obstruction to the navigation of the Straits of Sumonaka, caused by the fortifications which Prince Nagata constructed. If the command was not complied with, the fortifications would be attacked.

There was some rumor of a meeting between Louis Napoleon and the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia in Germany.

The London *Daily News* says that should McClellan be elected President there will be a breach between France and the United States; but on what it founds this he does not say.

The Paris *Moniteur* says that the armistice between Denmark and the German Powers will be renewed from the 15th September to 15th December.

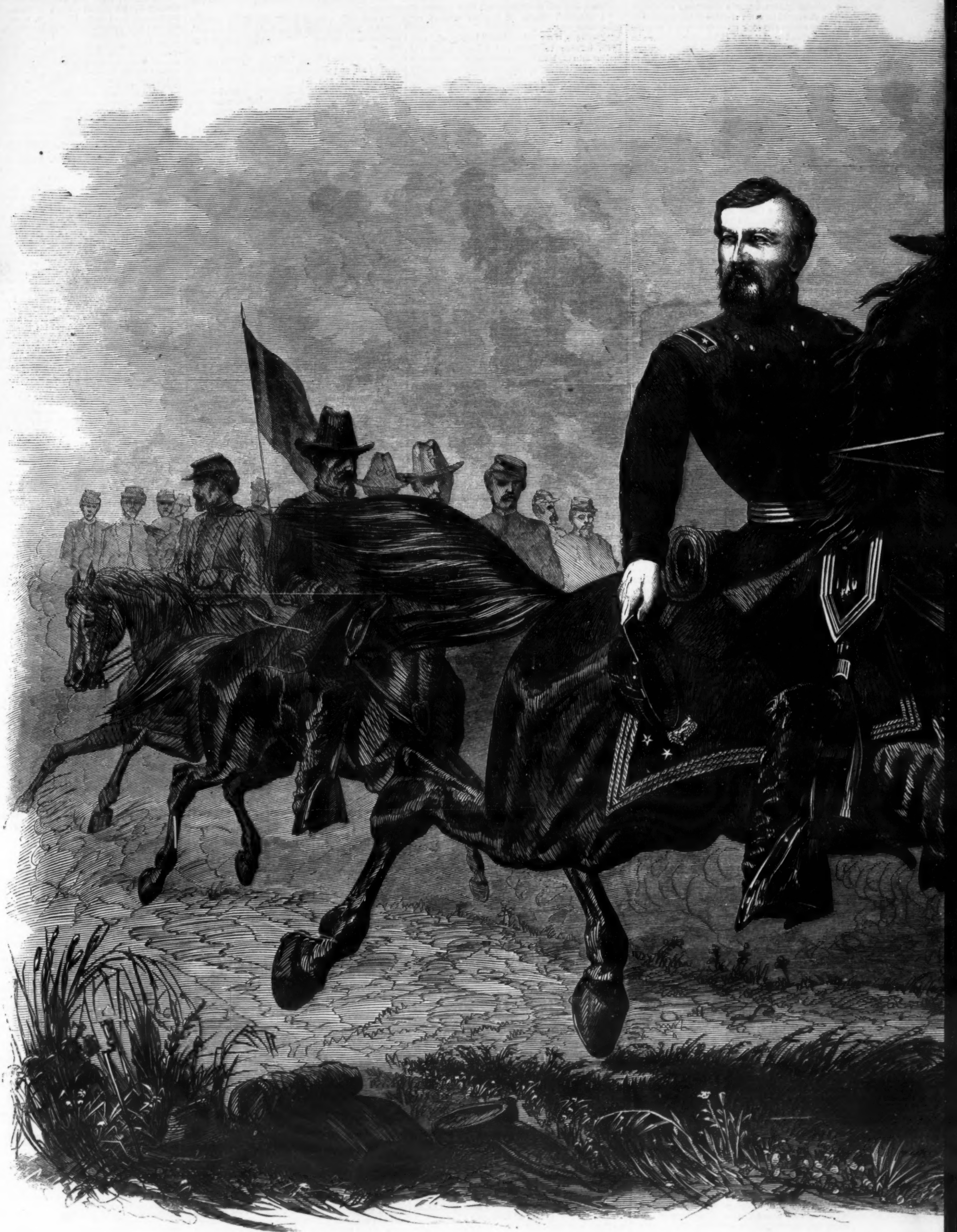
Some of the German papers contrast the large warlike naval preparations of England with the ostentation of her peace proclamation.

Muller, the alleged murderer of Briggs, arrived in London on the 19th Sept.

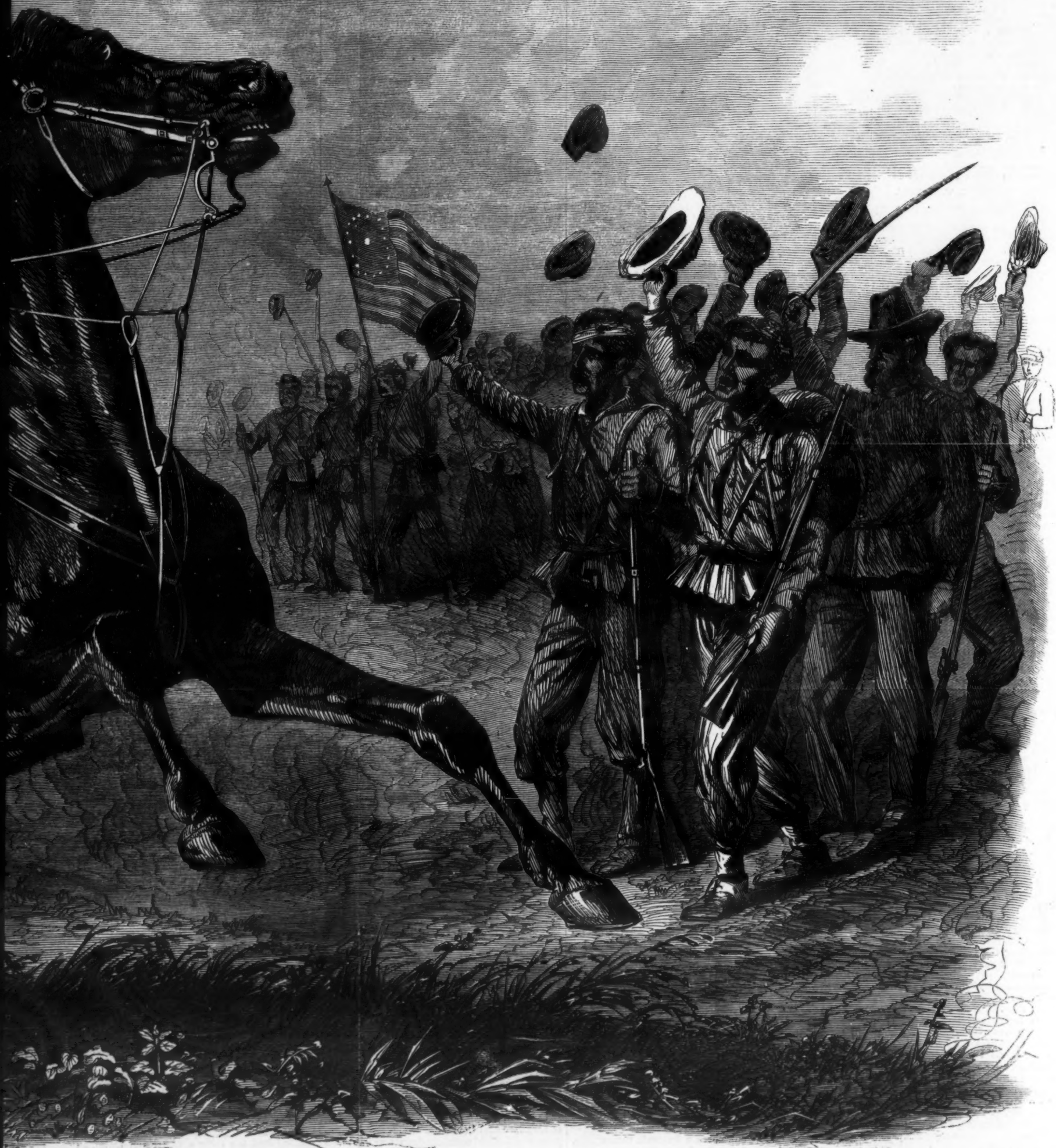
The Paris *Intelligencer* says that at least an arrangement had been arrived at between Napoleon and Victor Emanuel for the settlement of the Roman question.

The London *Times* says that the conquest of Atlanta is the crowning victory of the South-western army. The rebel loan declined 3 per cent. when the news came.

It was proposed to remove the Italian capital from Turin to Florence.



MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN RIDING ALONG THE LINES AT



TER THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, VA.

"AWAY."

My wife had left her home to seek
The glow I worshipped in her cheek,
Like Persian old; my sky had paled;
A letter every day I mail'd,
And often said, in cheerful vein,
"The baby slept all night again."

All hallow'd by her tears and prayers
He staid with me, it lesson'd cares,
If he, the nestling, slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too;
And so I wrote her now and then
"The baby slept all night again."

One morn he languished at my side,
Death-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still.
So wrote I in my wonted strain
"The baby slept all night again."

But when, in turn, she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With artless talk about the bed
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious bloom away,
And grief met grief, while of the dead
We thought, within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it ease her pain,
"He wakes, to sleep no more again."

MRS. NETTLETON DRIGGS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

(Concluded from our last.)

AND so three years had gone away, and one morning Joey was summoned in haste upstairs to the bedside of her mistress and friend. For days she had been ill, but within the few minutes that Joey had left her side a dangerous change had occurred. The house was in terror and confusion, and within a short time the doctor had told Mr. Nettleton Driggs to prepare for the worst, for if the patient fell into another convulsion she could only come out of it to pass quietly into another world. And so it was that within an hour the good lady did fall into another, and within a few hours after passed quietly into a better world, kissing the streaming eyes of Joey and her weeping husband, and whispering to him with her last breath to take good care of the poor girl, for she was the truest friend and companion she had ever known.

There was a sad, sad house for many months, and poor Joey, though she had known so much of sorrow and woe, thought that now indeed her heart was broken, and that she never again would find so kind, so firm a friend as she who had just passed away. The material estimation of the dead lady had been shown on the reading of her will, and Joey heard, with loud sobs of regret that she could not do something to express her gratitude for the love that had dictated it, that she was heiress to the personal property of the deceased, and such of her estate as would yield a clear income of one thousand dollars per annum.

So now Joey was, as Mr. Nettleton Driggs informed her, an independent woman, and need no longer do anything for a living, which was meant as a hint to her that she had it in her power to abandon him to the servants and to loneliness, a hint that Joey would not in any way understand, but went on in the same old-fashioned, steady manner, making his home as bright and as happy as she could, when she knew the loneliness there must be in the heart that had lived so calmly and brightly for twenty years with her who was gone. More than this, she utterly refused to consider herself in any other way than that in which she had come into the house, to change her habits or her dress with her change of fortune, or to be anything but a servant. As she had been, so would she be, and show her gratitude to her benefactress by doing as she would have her do had she lived.

Whether all this was in accordance with the ways of the world, or whether that world would deride Joey's manner of showing her gratitude, is something undebatable, it is enough that such was her resolution, and though Mr. Nettleton Driggs felt it a duty to show Joey what she lost by not at once setting up in life and marrying well while she was yet young, he could not help an inward glow of satisfaction when Joey declared her unalterable intention of not changing her mode of life or her condition, unless he was unkind enough to put her again out upon the world, which was a thing she did not believe in for a moment. And so with this understanding the old life went on, and saving the void made by the death of her friend, there was once more peace and happiness in her heart.

We must move by sequences of three years, and so it was that three years later, upon one clear, frosty night in November, Mr. Nettleton Driggs sat in the neat library of his house, holding a newspaper, to which at times his attention would be given, but oftener to the busy figure of Joey sitting at the table and deeply merged in her housekeeping accounts. Joey, in the six years she had been in that house, had altered much. The childish, sad look had almost passed away, and a womanly, self-reliant air had taken its place. Mr. D. for an hour watched the earnest labor of Joey, and then suddenly he said:

"Come, Joey, put away your accounts for to-night, and talk with me. Do you know that this is my birthday, little woman?"

"No!" was her answer, shuffling away her papers into her desk at his bidding, "is it so? Indeed we have grown so solemn of late that we forgot everything. Sure enough it is the tenth. Strange that we should forget the tenth of No-

vember. Once we never allowed it to pass without honors."

"Yes, and to-day I am forty-eight. Think of it, Joey, forty-eight!"

"Just twice my age! and yet it does not seem so much for you."

Mr. Nettleton Driggs looked down into his paper with a rapid wink of both eyes and said:

"Hem!"

"I mean," said Joey, apologetically, "that you look so much younger than you are, and that you are so kind and good, that one would almost expect to see you with white hairs like a grandfather, rather than with the black locks you have."

Mr. D. winked harder than before, and gave a second glance at the paper.

"Indeed you know that you don't look over forty, and everybody tells you so," Joey continued, "and I for one don't believe you're ever going to grow old."

Mr. D. smiled a gratified smile, and cast a sort of side glance into the mantel mirror.

"Well, Joey, I'm glad you think so, because it may serve to make what I am going to say more reasonable to you."

Joey looked up in his face curiously, and drew her chair closer to his.

"You know me well enough to know, little woman, that I would not propose anything that should be thought purely selfish, and yet I am going to be selfish enough to propose something that shall keep you always with me, for though I have seen you send away two, yet I am afraid, Joey, that the right one may come along some day and carry off my little housekeeper, and so leave me to die an old man alone."

Joey had drawn closer and closer, and now sat holding the hand of Mr. Nettleton Driggs, and thinking of the day, six years before, when he had saved her from a fate perhaps worse than death, and wondering how he could ever believe her guilty of so much ingratitude. And yet all the word she could say was:

"Never! never!"

"It is to insure this, Joey, and to know that I can give a legal and indisputable title to the one who will have all my worldly wealth, that I am about to speak. Do you know what I shall say, Joey?"

"No!" answered Joey, slowly and wonderingly.

"I am going to ask you to marry me," said Mr. Nettleton Driggs, looking earnestly into the upturned eyes of Joey.

There was no start, no withdrawal of the hand, no clouding of the face or turning away of the eyes. The proposition came as unexpected to Joey as would a flash of lightning, and yet in an instant she saw it all, she saw the unselfishness that dictated the offer, beyond that to which he had plead guilty, and with just ten seconds for consideration, she placed her other hand in his, and with a calm, quiet light glowing in her eyes she answered him:

"I will."

"I thought nothing less than this answer, Joey, when I should ask you, but believe me when I say that though it has always, since the death of my wife, been my intention to leave you all I possessed, yet until this day I never thought of saddling it with such a burden. It is not yet too late, Joey. My will is made, it is unalterable if you refuse the burden, but must be changed if you become my wife, to describe you as such. Speak again, while there is yet time, will you have the old man and his forty-eight years, not as a condition, but as a self-chosen burden?"

"With all my heart and soul!" and Joey sprang to her feet, and with her arms about his neck gave and received her first kiss, and lay weeping in his arms.

Oh! ye who would have romance at the expense of reality; there was none in this. There is no romance in the thought of a beautiful woman, young and loveable; giving herself with such sudden and hearty will to one twice her age, stout and unloveable, save only in such beauty as the heart can see, and yet it is wondrously real.

Society opened its eyes with a wide and hearty stare when the fact was announced, but as Mr. Nettleton Driggs had little to do with society, and Joey Littlejohn less, the way in which society used its eyes or its tongue were matters of little consequence; and therefore one day when, in the presence of half-a-dozen chosen friends, they were made one, and society received no cards, society was disgusted, and as it had received no invitation to call, society out Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, and left them alone to their calm, uneventful life, which was just what Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton Driggs wanted.

We must take a long sweep over the life of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, and come down to one day a little over twelve years after the quiet wedding at which society was disgusted, and transfer ourselves to a beautiful cottage on the outskirts of a village, well known for its fashionable reputation, and not one hundred miles from New York. Something there was about Marion Cottage that at a glance showed its occupant not only a person of wealth beyond the size of the house occupied, but of infinite taste. In a room of this cottage sat two ladies, the first, if attentively counted up, would show the expert in such counting to be somewhere near thirty-five, the other, a woman of at least ten years older. The first was fashionably dressed, though in *negligé*, yet still with quiet and decisive originality; the second, by her dress and manner, showed that she made no pretension to fashion, but rather bore the air of one who, though brought up in the city, had long enough led a country life to lose her early habits.

"Indeed, you've been a fortunate woman, Mrs. Driggs, very fortunate, I may say," was her remark to the other.

"Fortunate! Mrs. Dalton. You have strange ideas of the application of the word if you can attach it to me. I look upon my entire life as made up of sunshine and shadow, but the shadow largely predominates. The very part which you

esteem fortunate and on which you congratulated me is the bitterest of the whole."

"Bitter!" exclaimed the elder lady, shrugging her shoulders. "Bitter! upon my word I should esteem it anything but bitter to marry a man as old and as rich as the late Mr. Nettleton Driggs, and have him called away after seven years, leaving me everything he was worth in the world. Why, my dear, he was twice your age!" and Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton knitted away on the crochet with a vigor that showed she was in earnest.

"And he was the best man that ever lived!" answered Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, with strong emphasis.

"Oh, oh, oh! my dear! The best man that ever lived! Only think for a moment. Isn't that very decided? The best man that ever lived, my dear, in your estimation?"

"I mean, Mrs. Dalton, that he was true and honest in very thought, in every word and deed. He was honest, Mrs. Dalton, when every worldly policy would have taught him differently. He was the first and last true man I have ever seen, and when I lost him I lost what can never be replaced in this world."

Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton coughed deprecatingly and for a few moments was silent; then, recovering herself, she said:

"Well, well, we can't all agree upon the merits of a case, and so let us change the conversation. I'm disposed to be on good terms with all the world to-day; for, as you have heard, I am momentarily expecting my son home. Just to think of it, only eight months' gone and coming back a major, when he went away a lieutenant, and a second lieutenant at that! When you talk about good men and the best men that ever lived, my dear Mrs. Driggs, you must let me say something about my son!"

"He must be indeed a most estimable young man, Mrs. Dalton, if I am to believe only half of all I hear in the village; and a brave one, if half the newspapers tell the truth."

"If half they tell the truth! Why, they don't tell half. And then he is so handsome, too! Indeed, I assure you that one-half the ladies of the place are dying for him, and he not yet twenty-one! Why, he'll be a general before another year goes over his head!"

"And is the major really such a ladykiller, Mrs. Dalton?" said Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, laughingly. "I've heard so much of him from a score or two of ladies in the village, that really I almost fear to meet him."

"Ladykiller!" answered Mrs. Ebenezer, tossing her head, with a sneer, "Ladykiller, indeed! If a parcel of foolish girls choose to break their hearts for him, it's entirely their own fault. I can say for him that he never gave encouragement to any of them. Frank Dalton is always courteous and always kind, but he don't make love to any one, Mrs. Driggs."

"I am sure that if he is the brave man he is represented, Mrs. Dalton, he never will trifle with an honest love, even though ill bestowed."

"That's so! And my Frank, I assure you, could have married rich more than once, but he despises the idea. He'll not be poor, though; there'll be no occasion for him to marry for money—all I have will be his."

To all of which Mrs. Nettleton Driggs had nothing to say, though she was obliged to confess to herself a curiosity to see this young soldier who had been three times promoted for his bravery and merit, and of whom all the village were enamored, men as well as women. There was a double curiosity about it, because she could scarcely realize that a woman who was so uniformly disagreeable as Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton could have such a paragon of a son. There was something about Mrs. Dalton that Mrs. Nettleton Driggs instinctively disliked, without being able to assign any reason for that dislike beyond the fact that in the face of her new acquaintance there was an expression of unreality when she offered her professions of friendship, and something that jarred unpleasantly upon the now even tenor of her life, which she could not dismiss by reason or argument. Had it been left to Mrs. Nettleton Driggs's own will, Mrs. Ebenezer would never have been allowed to cultivate an intimacy or have become a visitant at Marion Cottage; but the positive manner and pertinacious force of the latter lady had succeeded, and scarce a day passed that Mrs. Ebenezer did not bring her crochet, her gossip and her shadow into the presence of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs.

In the dweller at Marion Cottage the Joey of the past was gone, and even the most detective intellect of society would have failed to see in the elegant woman of thirty-six the plain, quiet, yet very loveable child-woman of twelve years before. The beauty was all there, but cultivated by education and travel; for the unambitious Joey of the past had felt that as Mrs. Nettleton Driggs something more was expected of her than as the foundling or the housekeeper. It was with this thought, without interfering with the daily life of her husband, that she had devoted herself to an attainment of those accomplishments, real and superficial, that would enable her quietly to take her place in that society to which her wealth would entitle her. A few years more and she burst upon the delighted eyes of her husband, not only as the most beautiful woman of his knowledge, but one of high intellect and accomplishment. All this was she to him, and yet never less the Joey of that day when, with an honest belief that he was that which would be best for her, and at the same time meet the approval, if she could overlook it, of the dead, he took the grateful girl to the head of his house and the whole of his heart. Seven years had the fond and never-forgetting wife made his home a path of perpetual flowers, and when, after a long illness, as though for a last test of the young wife, he went forth to join the army of the dead, his parting words were, that in her he left his world, and nothing else to regret.

A year after this the young widow, yielding to the earnest pressing of friends and her own do-

sire, had joined them to go abroad, and had remained three years in Europe and the East, coming back with all the brilliancy a contact with the world could give her, and yet never forgetting the long past and her chastening. This was now the lady of Marion Cottage, so named by her in remembrance and honor of its donor, the kind mistress and earnest friend.

One week later, and Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton, with a sharp smirk of satisfaction, rushed into Marion Cottage to announce the intelligence of the arrival of Major Frank Dalton.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Driggs, you must let me present him immediately—yes, immediately," said Mrs. Ebenezer, with emphasis. "I am so anxious you should see him, and I am so anxious he should see you; for you know, my dear, confidentially, that you are the only one in Middleville that any sensible person would give a straw to know. Indeed, I hope you will like the major as well as I know he will like you. Now, can I bring him right up this morning?"

Mrs. Nettleton Driggs smiled at the eagerness of Mrs. Ebenezer, though something there was about it that grated harshly on her sense, and after a moment's consideration compromised with her anxiety by consenting to receive the young man that afternoon. The afternoon came, and with it Mrs. Ebenezer and Major Frank Dalton, the last a healthy, bronzed, dark-eyed, well-formed man, looking at least five years older than represented by Mrs. Ebenezer. He was unquestionably handsome, but his beauty did not proceed from any attempt to show it or any consciousness of its existence, but rather from the very modesty of his bearing or from the unassuming intellect that spoke out of his really good face. The prejudice from which Mrs. Nettleton Driggs had been unable to divest herself, when connecting Major Dalton with Mrs. Ebenezer, vanished in an instant, and when she arose and gave him her hand it was with an asking of pardon in her heart for the injustice of which she felt she had been guilty, and perhaps it was to offer some reparation to her own conscience for this injustice that, through all that afternoon, she forgot the usual reserve with which she always met the other sex, and treated him as an old friend whom she had met after long absence.

Weeks passed away, and Major Frank Dalton's furlough was within a day of its close. The gossips of Middleville were terribly excited over the intimacy of the young and handsome major at Marion Cottage, and were sternly indignant, especially those who had marriageable daughters, at the art of the wicked widow, who could, either for the purpose of marriage or flirtation, try to enchain the affections of one so much younger than herself. Indeed, they declared that it was infamous, and the idea that his mother could not only countenance him in it but should really show a high degree of satisfaction, was the most fearful thing that had occurred to shock the proprieties of Middleville since the Rev. Ralph Peabody, the Presbyterian minister, had gone off, despising all the fascinations of the belles of the place, and married a plain and not handsome country girl, to whom he had been engaged long before he had accepted his call to Middleville.

As we have no secrets from the public, though for the present we intend to keep some from the gossips of Middleville and even from Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton, who, though feverish with desire to know all that passed at Marion Cottage, would not spoil by her presence interviews which she well knew would culminate to her wishes better without her, we will introduce it to that day before which Major Frank Dalton was to rejoin his corps.

A few happy weeks had they been at the cottage, not only to Mrs. Nettleton Driggs and to Major Frank, but to the charming Bertha Lee, who, almost since the day of Frank's first coming, had been the companion of Mrs. Nettleton. Charming was Bertha Lee, so said Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, and who would pretend to dispute her upon any matter of taste, even though it were a question of taste with regard to women? Bertha Lee was a protégé of Mrs. Nettleton's, one whom she had watched almost from her birth. Bertha's mother had been one of the few friends of her past, one who had, of the high-born circle that clustered about the rich family of Driggs, treated the Joey of the past not as a servant, but as an equal. When the mother died, after the little Bertha had reached her third year, the love that Joey bore for the mother was transferred to the child, and Bertha became almost as her own. When more years had passed, and Bertha was entirely an orphan, the care of Joey increased, and only excepting such time as was imperative to be spent among her relatives, Bertha was with her new mother always. Together they had studied, travelled and lived, and though nearly a score of years separated them in age, together they were more as companions and equals than in the relation of mother and child. Bertha was eighteen, Bertha was blonde, blue-eyed and flaxen haired, a happy heart shadowed out upon her face, and a grace of cultivation in her movements.

This day they were all together in the garden at Marion Cottage, perhaps more serious and silent than usual, for each had thoughts running riot through the brain, thoughts that each dared not speak. Frank Dalton in those few happy weeks had revealed in a delight of such association as he had never before known, and now he was about to return to the excitement of the field,

"—with a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

And he sat gazing in almost silence on the two beautiful women, so entirely unlike, and yet so loveable each. To the beauty of each, the one an opening bud, the other a flower full blown, he paid full homage, but it was the older that led the heart and brain of the young soldier captive; and yet, notwithstanding the admiration such as he had never felt for woman before, Major Frank could not persuade his judgment that its true expression would be in asking her to become his wife. Beautiful as she was, beautiful alike in

body and mind, there was something to the young man that forbade such love, and yet love her he did, in spite of all instinct and all philosophy. And farther, he felt that he could not quit Middleville next day, perhaps never to return, without a word that should leave a record of that love, and yet how was it to be spoken? And she, as though reading through the light covering of words, could look into his heart and know what she feared, and know that upon that day would come some expression of it, and like a subtle diplomatist, admitting the same love to the almost boy at her side, sought only those words and actions that would discourage it, and for ever still any mention that such intention was in his heart, or any reciprocity in hers. And yet they would talk, and that talk of love. It was Bertha speaking.

"Believe! what necessity shall there be for credulity? Do not women always believe in love? What is it that makes the charm in woman but her belief, her confidence, the very confidence that sometimes is her destruction?"

"For which be she ever blest, and even though that confidence be her destruction here on earth, it will make an angel of her hereafter!" said Major Frank.

"You are speaking with that very confidence," said Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, "which simply argues that the love in which you are such perfect believers, is a thing not of a lifetime, but of certain years of our lives, and cannot be expected to last for ever. We must all love once, as we all must be afflicted with sickness."

"Oh, shame! shame! cousin," for so Bertha Lee had always called her friend, "what romance is there about you, that you should talk of the grand passion in such words?"

"The most sensible of romances, a romance founded upon fact. What sympathy has the world with love when it comes late in life. It is only with the boy and girl we allow our feeling to be enlisted, not with the full grown man and woman."

Major Frank looked earnestly at Mrs. Nettleton as though he would look to her very inner heart, and there read the dictation of her words.

"And by that," said Bertha, "you hold that one should not love after they have reached a certain age."

"Yes; they should not love in the general worldly acceptance of the term. Love we must, always, as I love you, Bertha, as I love a child, or a dear friend, but the love of our youth, never."

"And pray," said Bertha, laughing, "my lady philosopher, will you tell us at what age it is our duty to leave off loving?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Nettleton, gravely, "at my age. I should hold it a weakness, if, at my age, I surrendered my senses captive to the passion and reckless love of my youth. Ah, well, you may laugh, lady-bird, when I say 'at my age,' but I am no longer young, and I hope too sensible to represent myself so."

"And then," asked Major Frank, slowly, and with his eyes fixed searchingly on her face, "we must understand you that you will never love again, either with the love of your early days, nor yet with the more subdued and refined passion of the later time—must we not?"

"Without a moment's question!" was the answer firmly given.

"And do we understand from this that nothing will induce you ever to marry again, or will you dispense with the love, and marry purely on the philosophy that it is not good for man to be alone or woman either?" was Bertha's query.

"Your first proposition is right. Nothing will ever induce me to marry again."

There was a slight quiver on the lip of the young man as these words were spoken, and he turned away for a few moments and stood absently plucking the roses from a near bush, and throwing them upon the ground. The smile passed away from the face of Bertha the instant she saw the serious air of her friend, and silence for a time rested upon the whole party.

The next day Major Frank Dalton went back to his regiment, but not until he had undergone a rigid questioning from Mrs. Ebenezer, bearing upon his status at Marion Cottage, a questioning that only resulted in a confused conclusion in that lady's mind that all was right, and prospering according to her wishes, a conclusion that became almost a certainty when the Major gave notice of his intention to resign from the service, and take up his residence once more in Middleville.

A few weeks went by, and Frank Dalton was no longer Major. He had returned to Middleville to find Marion Cottage empty, and its tenants flown to the city for the season, and to the city accordingly he bent his steps, leaving all Middleville to gossip and sneer over the coming marriage of the young man to the woman of thirty-six. There was little love lost between Mrs. Ebenezer and Mr. Frank Dalton. As far as the strict duty of the young man went, it was faithfully done, but there was none of that demonstrative affection that follows the relation. It never was shown or cultivated by Mrs. Ebenezer in the past, and her love for her son now only seemed to ooze out in boasts of his superiority, and of her own superior management in bringing such a son out to the world. Thus it was little confidence existed between them, and as a consequence that Mrs. Ebenezer knew about as little as the rest of Middleville regarding the progress of his wooing, though allowing her hopes to address her belief, she felt satisfied that everything was going well, and that at any moment she might hear the announcement that he was about to marry.

And so truly did it fall out, for before the coming of the new year, and within three months of the time of his return, a letter to Mrs. Ebenezer from Frank announced his engagement and approaching marriage. Others followed, finally stating the day, and though correspondence between mother and son had never been either volun-
tuous or cordial, a sincere and affectionate request for her presence, if at no other time, at least at the ceremony, which was to be only in the

presence of a few, and would be at the house of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs.

Mrs. Ebenezer graciously announced her intention of being present at the ceremony, but declined coming before, on the plea that perhaps her presence might be embarrassing to the lovers, a plea that was accepted by the interested parties without a murmur. It was strange with this lady that now when her hopes were upon the very point of realization, she was so silent. From her lips the gossips of Middleville never received the slightest intimation of the affair that was so near consummation, those who were close observers afterward declaring that during those weeks that intervened between the conveying of the intelligence and the marriage, Mrs. Ebenezer seemed especially silent and nervous, resisting all efforts to draw her into conversation upon the subject on which she was wont to dilate with so much confidence. So apparent was this, that the good gossips all mentally concluded that the expected match was a failure, so that when within a few days of its actual coming off, they were startled by the intelligence leaking out some way, they all felt that they had been terribly wronged in not having longer notice, and turned upon Mrs. Ebenezer the full ire of their tongues.

The party was gathered within the cheery walls of the good old Second Avenue mansion, the guests, all told, numbering not half a score, were present, and the clergyman ready to perform his solemn duty. The time had passed a full two hours, and all, from the bride down to the waiting servants were becoming weary of expectation, for Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton had not yet appeared, though she had been expected the night before. The streets were white with the heaped snow to several feet in depth, and the clank of the shovels told that it had but just ceased. It was only after many consultations and the truthfully arrived at opinion that Mrs. Ebenezer had been stayed upon her journey by its great fall, and the consequent stoppage of travel, that they proceeded, and the tying of the knot that bound two together for life and death, was consummated.

While this was proceeding Mrs. Ebenezer was laboring by hard stages, along with some hundreds more, into the city, almost twenty-four hours behind time, impeded by the fearful drifts that had covered rails and consigned cars and locomotives to an immovable mass, and two hours after the conclusion of the ceremony, made her appearance, gaunt and pallid, before the startled guests at the wedding breakfast. Her entry at the door was followed by a general rising, and Mrs. Nettleton advanced quickly towards the haggard woman with words of welcome, but was in an instant astounded to hear Mrs. Ebenezer, with hands outstretched to repulse her, hiss out fiercely:

"Stand back!"

Mrs. Nettleton was paralyzed for an instant, before the burning eyes and threatening tone of the woman before her, but immediately recovering herself advanced, and once more the same shrill voice spoke.

"Stand back, I tell you! Don't put your hands on me, for your life!"

"Mother!" cried Frank Dalton, springing forward; "what does this mean?"

"It means compensation," answered Mrs. Ebenezer, turning swiftly upon him. "Are you married?"

"Yes!" and the young man would have instantly followed with some words of apology for not longer awaiting her coming, but was stopped by the shrill laugh of his mother.

"Married! Ha! ha! ha! A nice and proper marriage," and then coming closer to Mrs. Nettleton, "let me give you joy."

The one addressed started back and a pang like death shot through her brain. Something there was in the words, or in the tone, or in the eyes that glared so terribly into her face, that brought a sensation of sickening fear over her heart. Once more Mrs. Ebenezer spoke.

"What does it mean? It means revenge! It means the heaped revenge of a lifetime! I would have been here to see the act done, to see you both swear those oaths that should perjure and debase you before all the world, but I was too late. But—I am not too late to congratulate you. Married! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Mother!" said Frank, wildly, "what has happened to you, that you should act so? What is this?"

"Don't call me mother!" shrieked the woman; "I am no mother. You are not my son! God never cursed me with children! Look!" and she pointed toward Mrs. Nettleton with the vehemence of a stab. "There stands your mother!"

A shrill scream from Mrs. Nettleton Driggs rang through the room, and in an instant she was clasped in the arms of Frank, who had sprang forward to save her from falling.

"Woman!" screamed Mrs. Ebenezer, taking from her reticule and holding before the eyes of Mrs. Nettleton a tattered, pink child's dress, "Do you know this?"

With one grasp the other caught the little garment from her hands, and staggering to the sofa, covered it with hysterical kisses and tears in a moment.

"Yes, weep, weep tears of blood, woman, over that memento of your crime. It was I who stood ready upon that day to relieve you of your burden. I who traced you from spot to spot that I might watch for my revenge. It was I, who when you deserted your child in the streets, caught him away and kept him through all these years, not because I cared for the brat, when on his face was marked the features of those two whom I most hated of all the world, but because I would make him an instrument in my hands for your punishment, whenever the time should arrive for it. I little dreamed then of how long it would be, or that it would come to me in the shape it has; but the fiend always helps its own, and so it was that in spite of all disguises and all your silence upon the past, that I knew you, and so was enabled to

scheme out my vengeance, and by one blow ruin not only yourself, but his and your brat at once. You know me now, woman, eh!"

And as she stopped for an instant, the features of Margaret Stone glared out in such distinctness that Mrs. Nettleton wondered vaguely how she ever could have seen her, even once before, and not have recognised one who had been to her memory a lifelong terror.

"You know me?" she continued, "and now you know why I have suffered you both to go on in your unholy love, and to leave you to your unholy wedlock. This is my compensation, my revenge has been blessed!"

"Did you believe that I was wedded to my mother?" asked Frank, advancing towards her with a countenance of horror, and speaking in a low choking voice.

"Did I believe! Fool! Do I not tell you that she whom you have just married is your mother?"

Frank turned, and led Bertha Lee forward. "This is my wife. Do you mean to say that she is my mother?"

"Your wife!" gasped Mrs. Ebenezer; "your wife! Were you not married to that woman?" and she made another point like a stab towards Mrs. Nettleton.

Still holding his wife by the hand, Frank advanced towards Mrs. Nettleton, and taking both in his arms, he said:

"Mother, wife, let us thank God that we have passed through peril unscathed. Mother, that we have loved without passion, and with a love that will endure for ever, and wife that we have loved upon a belief in that calm second thought, that leads the heart instinctively to the real harbor of its rest."

And those three, forgetful of all around them, embraced in the very fulness of their happiness, and then turning to see her who had, intending to do the reverse, brought it all to them, she was gone.

Yes, Mrs. Ebenezer was gone! A glance had shown her how the scheme of her life had miscarried, and she slid quietly away, never more to be heard of in her haunts of old, nor to make her whereabouts known even to her most intimate gossips of Middleville.

Our story is told, and we have only to verify its happy end by looking in at any time on one of the most contented family circles in the land, now filling the Second Avenue mansion of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs.

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, to whom the country is indebted for the great triumph at Winchester and Fisher's hill, is a native of Perry county, Ohio, born in the year 1831. He was graduated at the West Point Military Academy in July, 1853, and at that time entered the army as a brevet 2d Lieutenant of the 1st United States Infantry. During the years 1853, 4 and 5 he served in the Indian campaigns in Texas; and in July of the last mentioned year, after serving a few months in command of one of the forts in New York harbor, he was ordered to California. Engaged for a while in the Government railroad surveys on the Pacific coast, he was detached from that service to take part in the campaign against the Indians, in Oregon Territory. In the severe campaign, under Major Raines, he greatly distinguished himself, and was highly praised by his commander for gallant and meritorious conduct in the fight at the Cascades of Columbia, April 28, 1856.

For the part he took in the settlement of the Indian troubles in Oregon Sheridan was very warmly eulogized by Gen. Scott, then General-in-Chief of the army. Just after the breaking out of the rebellion he was made Captain in the 13th infantry, and served for several months in St. Louis as President of a Military Commission convened at that place. In December, 1861, he was made Quartermaster of the army of the Southwest, then operating in Southern Missouri, and afterwards in Arkansas under Gen. Samuel R. Curtis. He remained with that army until after the great battle of Pea Ridge, in the spring of 1862, when he was appointed Chief Quartermaster on the staff of Gen. Halleck, then in command of the army before Corinth.

In May, 1862, he was offered and accepted the command of the 2d Michigan cavalry, and from this time he was in his proper element, and his great merits as a soldier in active field service were rapidly developed. Three days after he assumed command (May 30) he fought and defeated a considerable body of rebel cavalry near Corinth. In 11 days after this he was entrusted with the command of a brigade of cavalry; and on the 1st of July he vindicated the choice of his commander by fighting and defeating a rebel cavalry force of nine regiments under the notorious Chalmers. This action was so brilliant that it won for him the star of a brigadier. Thus in a few months he won his way by sheer force of active and meritorious service, from the rank of major to that of general officer. In September of the same year he was given the command of the 3d division of the army of the Ohio, then operating under Buell in Kentucky. He fought his brigade with distinguished gallantry and success in the severe battle of Perryville in October of that year; and again, with still greater distinction, under Gen. Rosecrans in the victorious Murfreesboro' campaign in December, 1862, and January, 1863. His services at this time were of such distinguished merit that he was made a Major-General, to date from December 31, 1862. From that time his career in the Tullahoma, Chattanooga and Chickamauga campaigns of Gen. Rosecrans, in the Chattanooga and Mission Ridge campaign with Gen. Grant, and in the great campaign of the army of the Potomac commencing in May, 1864, all the time as a most accomplished and successful General of a corps of cavalry, is still so fresh in the memory of the people as to render more particular mention unnecessary.

His dashy expedition to the rear of the rebel lines near the Wilderness, in May last; his destructive foray on the Virginia Central Railroad, in June, and his almost ubiquitous operations against the enemy, with the splendid cavalry he had imbued with his own soldierly spirit, made him the terror of Lee's army in the early months of the campaign.

In all his various employments, whether as a subaltern in an Indian campaign, in the difficult executive duties of the Quartermaster's office, as the Colonel of a cavalry regiment, as the General of an infantry division, as the General of a cavalry corps, or in the higher and more responsible position of commanding General of an independent army, in the field, Philip Henry Sheridan, now Major-General, and Brigadier in the Regular Army, has shown himself a most thorough and accomplished soldier.

The author of "Down in Tennessee" thus describes the popular hero of the day:

"At the close of our discussion a singularly quiet, unassuming man, in plain pants, loose, blue sack and everyday boots, entered the room and took a seat on the window-sill, by the side of Stanley. He was below the medium height, slightly built, with closely-cut hair and beard, and a dark, sun-browned face. There was nothing about him to attract attention except his eye, but that seemed a ball of black flame.

"How are you, Phil?" "Good-morning, Sheridan," greeted him from various parts of the room, and Garfield, turning to me, said:

"Mr. —, this is Gen. Sheridan." "It was the youngest corps commander in the army, the man who, when McCook was routed, stood so like a wall at Stone river; who led the desperate assault on Mission Ridge, and has recently made the brilliant cavalry campaign in Virginia."

"Do you remember Pope's 30,000 muskets and 10,000 prisoners?" asked a young officer near me.

"Yes; very well," I replied.

"I took the muskets and Sheridan took the men. How many were there, Sheridan?"

"I don't remember," answered the quiet General.

"Well, I remember the muskets; they counted 930—not one more or less."

"I was with Pope at the second battle of Boonville," said another General, "when Sheridan rode up and reported 65 prisoners. 'Way don't you say 500?' said Pope. 'Because there are only 65,' said Sheridan. 'There ought to be 500—call them 500, any way,' said Pope; and 500 they were, but not in Sheridan's report."

"A general laugh followed, but the quiet hero said nothing, and in all I saw of him afterwards I never heard him speak disparagingly of any one."

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL OR STRASBURG, SEPT. 22.

GEN. SHERIDAN, after routing Early on the Opequan, near Winchester, did not by masterly inactivity allow the rebel General to recover from the stunning blow. He seems to believe in following up an advantage. Early retreated, pursued by Sheridan's cavalry, and the Richmond papers, which at last reluctantly admitted the defeat at Winchester, consoled themselves with the assurance that Early had taken post at Fisher's hill, a strong position from which Grant and his army could not dislodge him. Richmond breathed more freely. There had been defeat but no disaster. Even north those who knew the ground, but could not see how completely the morale of Early's army was destroyed, anticipated a long and stubborn battle at Fisher's hill. It is situated about two miles southwest of Strasburg on the valley road, and its base is washed by a stream called Tumbling run. Here Jackson in 1862 held Fremont at bay till he got his prisoners and train out of the way. The hill is almost inaccessible on the north, and rises like a wall from the run. Here Early was posted on the 22d, with his right upon the Massanutten mountain, and his left upon North mountain, having his front covered by strong natural and artificial defenses.

On the 21st Wright's corps gained an important position on his front, and next day Sheridan made a demonstration against Early's impregnable right; but the main attack was on the centre and left. In the centre Rickett's division of the 6th corps advanced and secured some important heights in front. Early alarmed at the vigor of the attack on the centre and right lost heart and began to withdraw, but Early had not penetrated Sheridan's plan of battle. About noon Averill's cavalry drove the enemy from his advance on the left into his main works, after which Crook, who had been kept out of view, pushed up and gaining steadily, about five o'clock, attacked the left of Early's line, doubled it up and advanced down their line; Rickett's, well to the front, swung in and joined Crook; Getty and Wheaton followed, and Sheridan's whole force was soon in full possession of the enemy's works, driving them like sheep. The rebels threw down their arms and fled in confusion, abandoning most of their artillery. 20 pieces and 1,100 prisoners, with caissons and ammunition, falling into our hands. Sheridan is no boaster, but he cannot help saying, "I do not think there ever was an army so badly routed;" and the men who were thus beaten were the veterans whom Stonewall Jackson had so often led to battle in this very valley; who should have been inspired by past victory. But as a rebel colonel was brought in, he threw down his sword, "The Confederacy is gone to hell; the men won't fight, and more neither will I."

If it has come to this that Virginia officers and men, who are sufficiently Northern to show themselves on all occasions the best heads and hands in the rebel army, begin to give up the cause, how long could it hold out with the disheartened North Carolinians, the effete men of South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi?

Our view of this important and decisive battle shows the town of Strasburg in the foreground. The Shenandoah is seen on the outer edge of the town and the James gap railroad in the foreground. On the left of the town is one of our batteries, and the line of pickets run from it. The rebel picket line is further back, and near are seen Newell's and Hammond's barns destroyed by our shells. On the woody hillside opposite the imposing edifice in the centre is the rebel battery belching away. But the chief interest is further to the right. From the Round hill signal station a succession of batteries were at work. Almost directly in the rear of Widow Kendrick's and Banks's old fort was the rebel front which Sheridan drove them from at half-past two o'clock, and held. While Crook and Averill, pushing through the woods near North mountain, on the extreme right, came bearing the whole line along for the rest of the corps to join him in the chase.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Our Forces Destroying the Macon Railroad at Jonesboro.

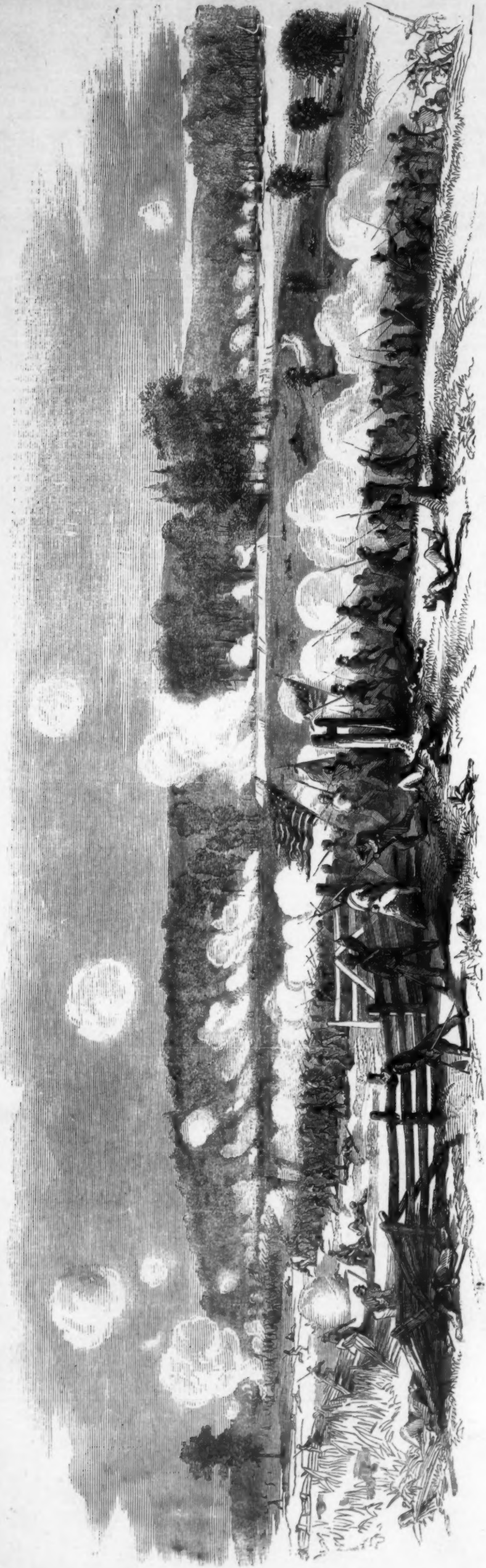
JONESBORO, or Jonesborough, is a little place in Georgia, of which one of our occasional Artists gives us a sketch, with a view of the method in which the rails of the Macon railroad were treated to prevent further use.

Jonesboro, it will be recollected, is the spot to which Hood, completely bewildered by the manoeuvring of Sherman, sent Hardee with a good part of his force, and on which the wily General immediately marched with all his army except one corps, and, attacking Hardee, completely routing him, so that Hood had to evacuate Atlanta. To prevent the rebels from using the Macon road, Sherman's soldiers were at once set to destroying the road. The effectual way in which it was done is shown in our cut. Two posts were firmly planted, and after the rail had been heated red-hot in the centre, on a fire built on the road of sleepers and ties, it was laced between those and a number of men, who tugged away at one end till it was well bent. Once cooled, it was of no use except to melt.

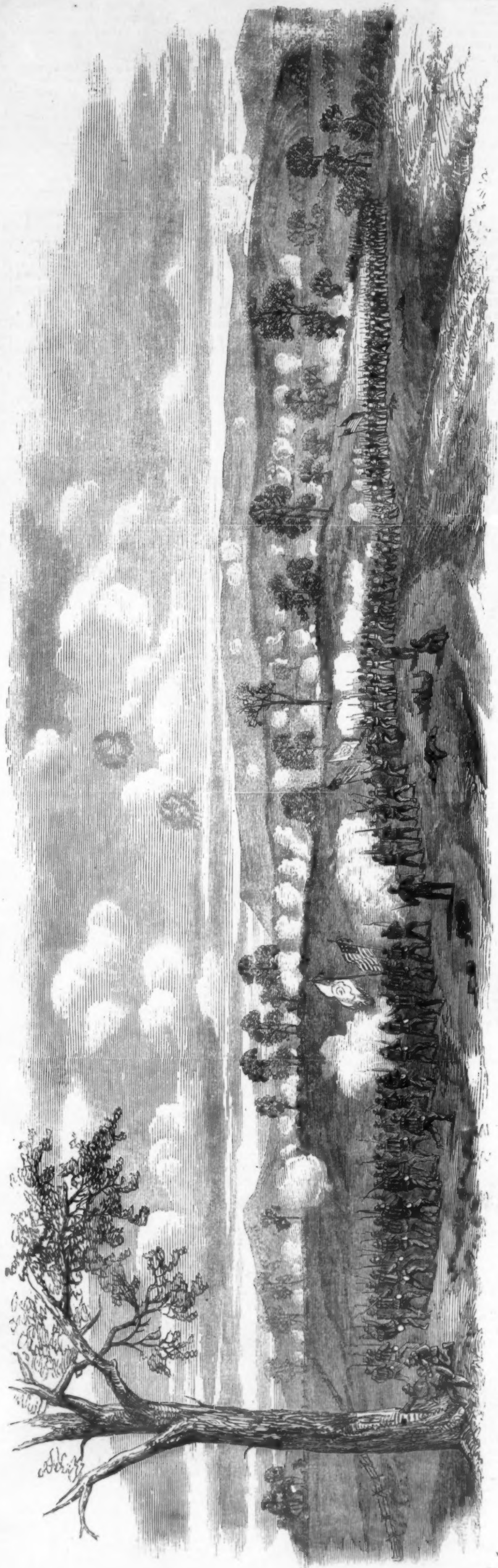
MR. OSCANTAN has again resumed his Oriental Entertainments, those animated and attractive descriptions of Turkish life, so full of instruction, and accompanied, as he ingeniously has rendered his, with full costumes of various personages, cannot fail to instruct all. Teachers could not select a better entertainment for their schools. It is to the young better than a volume to see the Turkish dress, the mode of eating, receiving company, the Turkish bride, the Druse woman, with her Scriptural horn, &c. In thus recommending it to instructors of the young, it may well be inferred that we can assure all that there is not, as some seem to suppose, anything that the most fastidious could object to, but much that all who have not visited the East will hear and see with profit.

LOVETT'S WAFFLE.—This old and well-known Hair Restorative is once more re-established at No. 9 Blackwell-street. We refer our readers to the advertisement in another column. Its excellence is too well established to need eulogium.

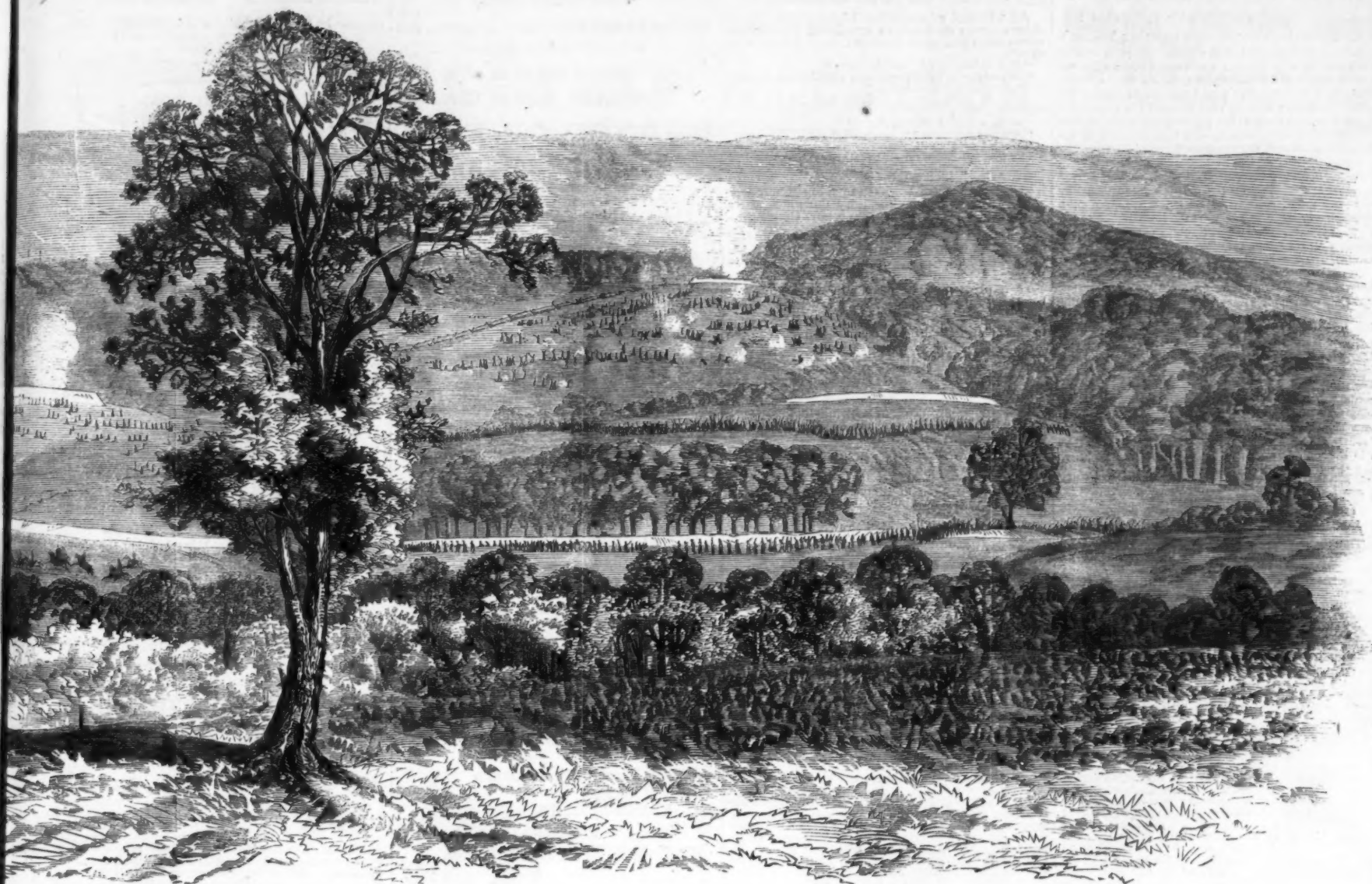
WHAT UNLUCKY men military officers are, to be sure—they are always in some mess or other.



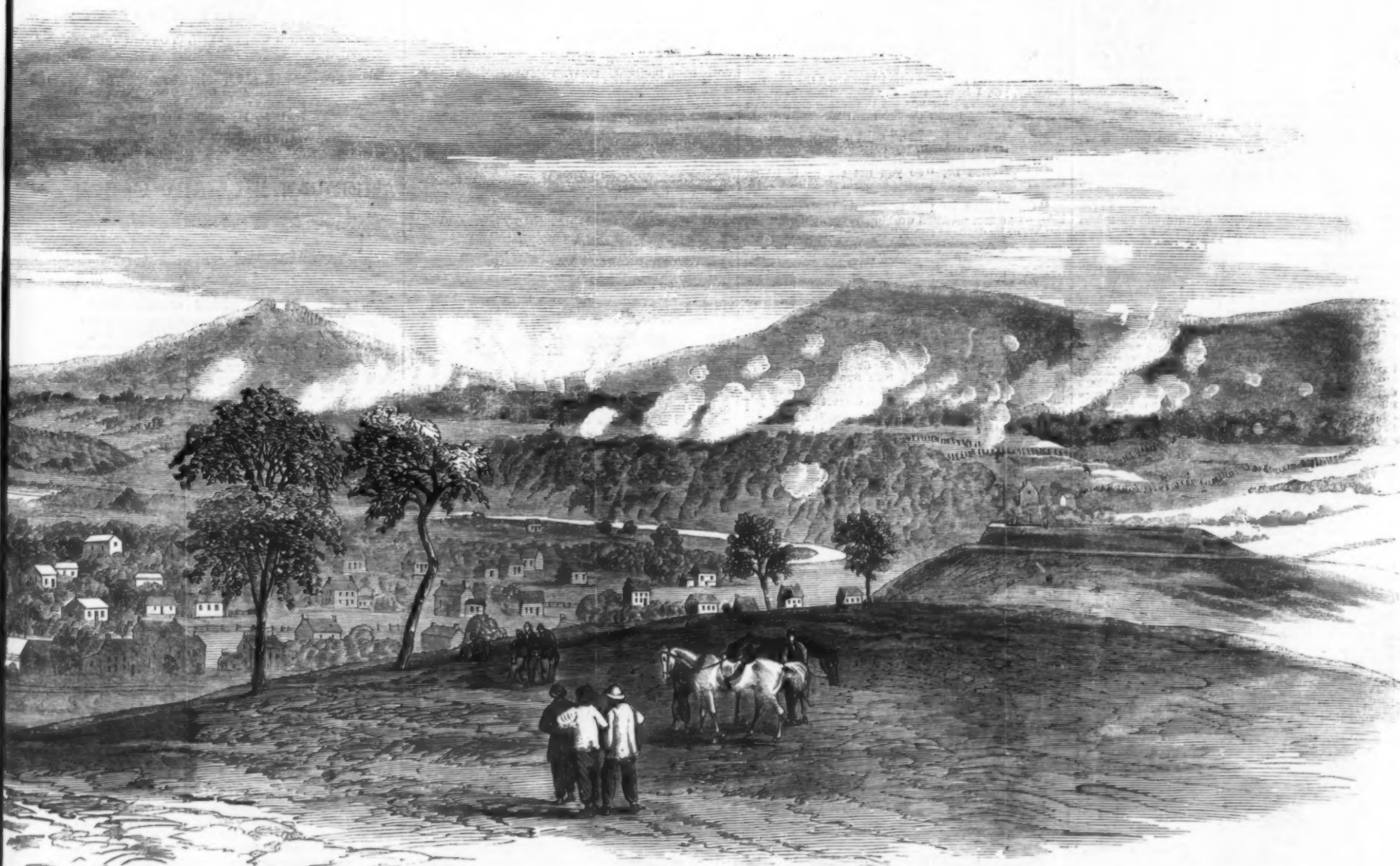
SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—POSITION OF THE 19TH CORPS, GEN. EMERY, SEPT. 19—THE CENTRE—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—CHARGE OF COOK'S 8TH CORPS—THE RIGHT—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



OK'S CORPS ON THE RIGHT.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



Round Hill.

Rebel Front.

Bank's Fort.

North Mountain.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, September 19.

At five o'clock on Monday morning Wilson's cavalry division pushed up the Berryville pike, crossed the Opequan, and, moving up towards Winchester, encountered the rebel skirmishers, whom they speedily drove back into the field works erected to defend the ford. The entire division then charged the works, and actually carried them at the point of the sabre, capturing some 30 or 40 prisoners, and thus securing an undisputed passage of the Opequan for our infantry.

Immediately after the capture of the lunettes commanding the ford, the 8th corps (Gen. Wright) moved forward, and pushing up the pike towards Winchester some two miles, formed line of battle, throwing out a heavy line of skirmishers, the artillery attached to the corps at the same time taking up position and vigorously shelling the works in which the enemy had taken shelter.

Owing to different manoeuvres and connections, it was fully noon before the advance was sounded, and during this time the enemy's lines had been greatly strengthened, and were formed in a belt of heavy woods skirting the Berryville pike. All this time portions of their artillery kept up a brisk fire, without inflicting any serious loss on our part. When at last everything was ready, the two corps moved slowly but steadily forward. The first line of battle had advanced but a few hundred yards when they received a heavy volley from the enemy, and soon became hotly engaged with the rebels, then some 600 yards distant. Our batteries simultaneously opened a searching fire, pitching shell and shot into the woods spoken of before with great rapidity, and harassing the rear columns of the enemy and embarrassing the movements of reinforcements, which could be seen moving up.

At this time Gen. Sheridan rode along the lines, and was received with great enthusiasm by the men, and his presence seemed to animate them with renewed determination.

Our troops continuing to move forward, despite the murderous fire of the enemy, they succeeded in getting within 200 yards of the rebel lines, when a furious cannonade broke out from some batteries hitherto concealed, and by their repeated discharges of grape and canister moved down large numbers of our men. So heavy and destructive was the fire from these batteries that our advanced line was compelled to fall back, thus temporarily deranging the formation of the second and third lines of battle. The order was quickly given for the men to lie down, in order to avoid the effects of the showers of grape that were ploughing through their ranks.

Our artillery was then rapidly brought up and given commanding positions, from which they soon commenced a withering cannonading of the enemy's advanced position, under the protection of which our lines now reformed, again advanced, and after a desperate resistance on the part of the rebels, the enemy were compelled to fall back, and we once more gained the position we had lost. After this achievement the 8th and 19th corps were ordered to lie down in the lines of battle as they then were, in order to await the arrival of Gen. Crook's 5th corps, which was up to this time lying in reserve in the western bank of the Opequan creek. Gen. Crook was ordered to take up a position on the right of the 19th corps, with a view to check an expected attempt of the enemy to turn our right flank, who could be seen massing his troops on his left for that purpose. It was nearly three o'clock when Crook formed his line on our right, his second line being in rear of and supporting the 19th corps.

Gen. Torbert, at this juncture, came up very opportunely, bringing with him both Averill's and Merritt's divisions of the cavalry. They had been fighting all day along the Opequan, after crossing that stream at Bar's and Knox's ford, meeting with strong bodies of the enemy, and succeeded in successively and steadily driving everything before them.

Gen. Sheridan now gave the signal for the grand and final charge that brought victory to our arms. Our line, now over three miles long, advanced with long-continued and hearty cheers. The charge was made with a headlong impetuosity impossible to resist.

As our lines pushed on, and drew nearer and nearer to the enemy's position, the battle raged still more fierce, and with a fury impossible to describe. At every volley men could be seen dropping in every direction, and frequently the opposing lines could not have been many hundred yards apart.

As we stood anxiously awaiting the result, the bugles of the cavalry rang out "the charge," and they began the closing event of the day. Moving out with the rapidity of an avalanche, our gallant knights of the sabre swept on, and thus aiding our infantry by adding their own resistless weight in the furious onslaught then being made upon the enemy's position, succeeded in gaining the splendid victory. This last manoeuvre was too much for the rebels, and they were forced to fall back, but still compelled to break before our continued and determined efforts. The cavalry claim to have captured nine of the battle-flags and two pieces of artillery.

Gen. Custer and Merritt were conspicuous for the daring manner in which they led their commands into the charge. Gen. D. A. Russell, commanding the 1st division, was, as usual with that gallant and fearless officer, foremost in the fight, and was killed instantly by a cannon ball while urging on his command.

The shattered and utterly demoralized divisions that go to make up Gen. Early's command now fled in utter rout and confusion, throwing away in their panic their guns and equipments, and whatever they happened to have on their persons. They started in all directions, pushing for the mountains and Winchester, others doggedly giving themselves up as prisoners. Large numbers of the enemy were captured by our forces during this disastrous retreat, and by this means swelled the heavy list of prisoners already in our hands.

As the head of our column reached Winchester, the Union residents, consisting, of course, mostly of ladies, came out joyously and greeted our victorious soldiers with glad smiles and words of warm welcome for the defenders of that flag which they now so triumphantly waved over their heads.

Early's loss was nearly 10,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, including Gen. Rhode and Gordon killed. The loss of the gallant old General, D. A. Russell, was our most severe blow.

Our sketches of this signal victory show the operations of the 5th corps on the right and the 6th (Wright's) on the left.

In the foreground of the former are Crook's veterans, advancing to attack the forts on the right, which commanded Winchester, and which they took so gallantly by the aid of Averill's horse. Our men, it will be perceived, charged under the fire of these forts as well as of the fire of the rebels posted behind the broken stone wall and rail fence on the left, behind which may be seen the distant summit of Strasburg mountain, and nearer us the city of Winchester, the former soon like the latter to see Early disastrously defeated.

In the sketch of Wright's corps may be seen our left advancing to drive the rebels into the fort and woods, and then, in spite of their artillery covering the Winchester pike, out again to the west in full retreat.

Nor was this the only fighting. Our centre nobly did its share, driving the rebels from the woods to the right of our second sketch, and when they remained it forcing them again into the deadly grasp of Crook, literally filling the woods with dead.

"I HAVE turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France.

"Yes," replied Talleyrand, "away from you."

"JANE, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbery."

"Fool, nonsense! say right out. Which do you like the best?"

"Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

At a recent examination of a farmer, on his sister entering the box to be questioned, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:

"How old are you?" said the lawyer.

"Oh, well, sir, I am unmarried, and I dinna think it right to answer that question."

"Oh, yes, inform the gentleman how old you are," said the judge.

"Weel, a weel, I am fifty."

"Are you not more?"

"Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hope of getting married; to which Miss Jane replied:

"Weel, sir, I winna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost hope yet."

And she scornfully added, "But widna marry you, for I'm sick and tired o' your palaver already."

SPEAKING of a New York paper, a contemporary says: "Too religious to commit suicide, it has doubled its price, and seeks a natural mode of exit to the other world."

If a pretty woman asks you what you will bet, answer that you will lay your head to hers.

Our griefs are no doubt deeply interesting to ourselves; they are great bores to our friends.

"Did you know I was here?" said the bel-lows to the fire.

"Oh, yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

Mr. Noggs, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says: "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

"JULIUS, whar did you get dat coat?"

"Down here to Push's."

"Whar's dat?"

"Little ways down in Brattle street, whar it says 'Push' on the door. I pulled dis coat and run out."

THE WOODMAN'S ANSWER.

AIR—"Woodman, spare that tree."

You bid me "spare that tree,"

Nor "touch a single bough,"

But then, sir, don't you see,

I'm out of wood just now.

You say "your father's hand"

Had "placed it on that spot,"

But now I own the land,

Because I bought the lot.

'Tis beautiful no doubt,

But then it's in the way,

And I will have it out,

For beauty does not pay.

If I should "let it stand,"

A fool I'd surely be,

For there's at least a cord

Of firewood in that tree.

AN ENTERPRISING AGENT.—An enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started; the road was a horrible, frightful one, but the agent persevered, and arrived at the poor man's house. The bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails over in the pasture, about two miles. The indefatigable agent mounted his horse and started for the pasture. After falling into all manner of mud holes, scratching himself with briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized very deeply with the man in his great sorrow, but death, he said, was an insatiable archer, and shot down all, of both high and low degree. He informed the man what "was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the loved one slept, marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a slight difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave-stone is necessary; for you see the cursed critter ain't dead; she scooted with an' her man!"

That man is a Chief," said a wag, pointing to a reporter at Gull's Hall.

"Why so?" inquired his friend.

"Why," cried he, "do you not see he is taking notes?"

"CONFUSION to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candlelight."

"Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.

"CONFESSION to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candlelight."

"Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.

"CONFESSION to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candlelight."

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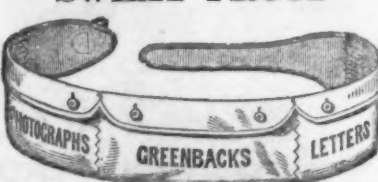
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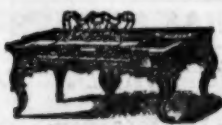
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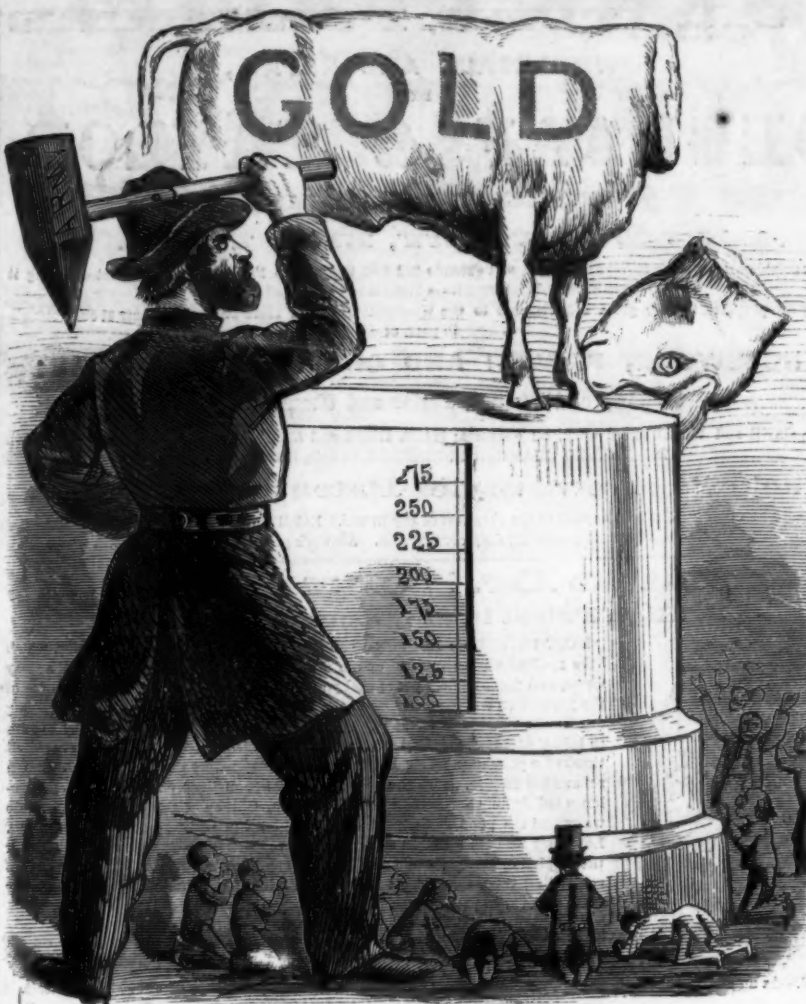
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